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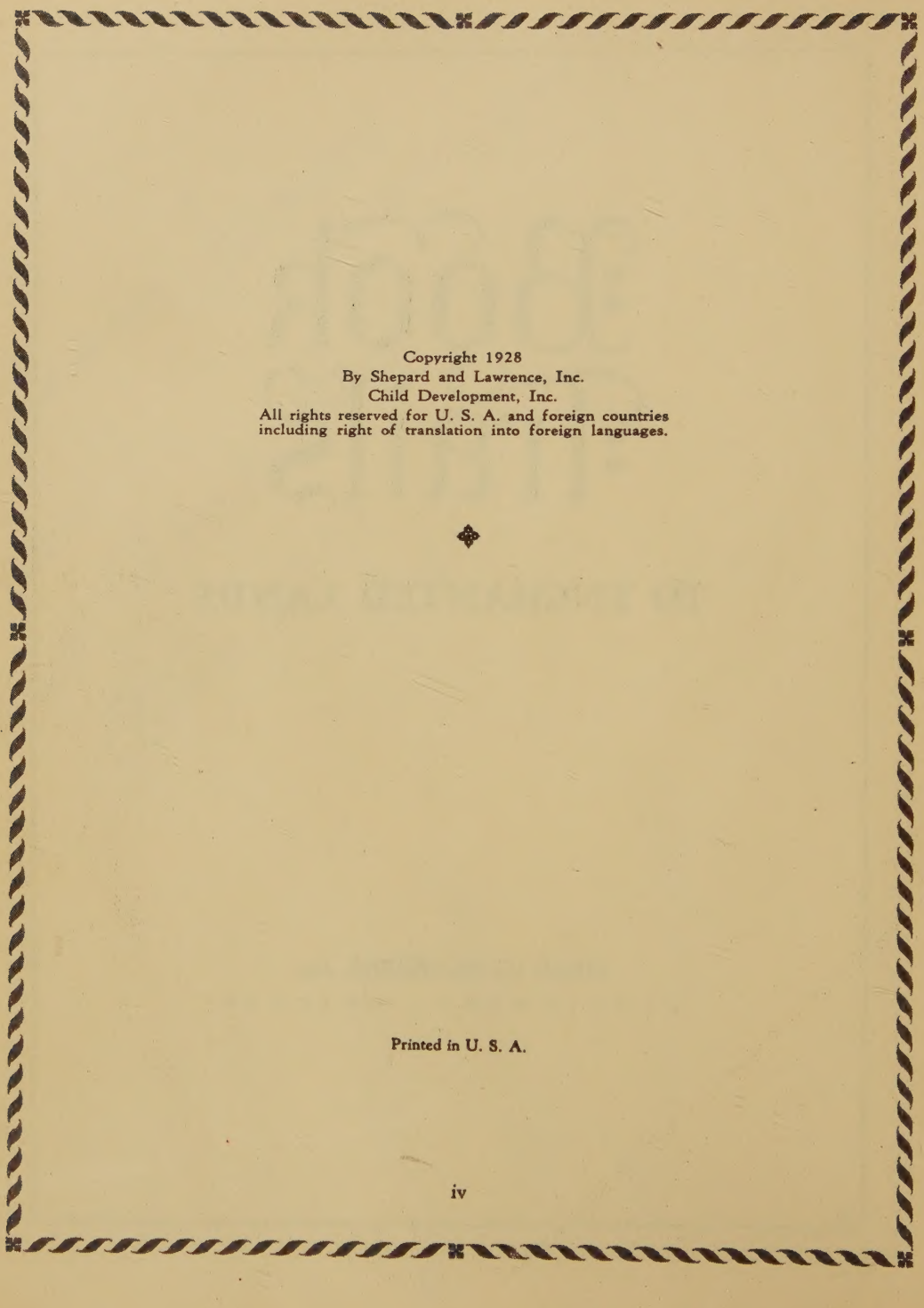
Book Trails

TO ENCHANTED LANDS



CHILD DEVELOPMENT, Inc.

PUBLISHERS • CHICAGO



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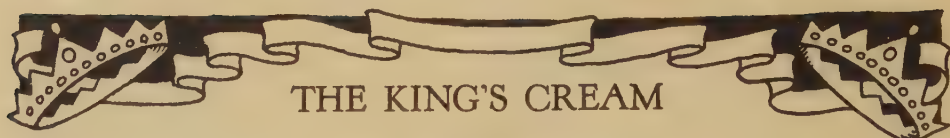


MY BOOK HOLDS MANY STORIES

MY BOOK holds many stories, wrapped tightly in itself,
And yet it never makes a noise, but waits upon my shelf
Until I come and take it; then soon my book and I
Are sailing on a fairy sea or floating in the sky.

ANNETTE WYNNE

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THE KING'S CREAM

FRANCES R. STERRETT

WHAT do you suppose the good children had for a treat before people knew how to make ice cream? Of course there was a time when no one knew how to make ice cream, when the people didn't even know that there was such a delicious thing to eat as ice cream, just as there was a time when no one knew how to make bread and chocolate cake and lemon drops. The very first ice cream that ever was made was made in the Land of Perhaps.

The King of the Land of Perhaps would sit on his golden throne and frown and scold and scold and frown and shake his head until his crown fell to the floor. No one dared to pick up the King's crown and put it on the King's head again. And it would never, never do for the King to be without his crown. Everyone was very glad when the wife of the Second Royal chamberlain loaned the King two of her best hatpins to keep his crown on his head.

From the first day of May until the first day of October the King wouldn't drink anything that was hot and from the first day of October to the first day of May the King wouldn't drink anything that was cold. The hot drinks had to be very, very hot, and the cold drinks had to be very, very cold. Every afternoon at four o'clock exactly from the first day of May until the first day of October the King had a tall glass of cream as cold

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as it could be made. And with the cold cream on the King's tray was placed a tiny little glass of syrup. Strawberry syrup was on the King's tray on Sundays, raspberry syrup was on the King's tray Mondays, vanilla syrup on Tuesdays, chocolate syrup on Wednesdays, peach syrup on Thursdays, lemon syrup on Fridays, and on Saturdays there was always cherry syrup. A different syrup for every day in the week, you see, and the cream and the syrup both had to be very, very cold, as cold as they could be made.

The poor Royal cook was often distracted to make the cream and the syrup cold enough to please the King. And he had a dreadful time to remember what syrup should be put beside the tall glass of cream on Monday or on Tuesday or on Friday. So that he would be sure to remember he changed the names of his seven little daughters from Mary and Elizabeth and Jessie and Louise and Elinor and Margaret and Susan to Strawberry and Raspberry and Vanilla and Chocolate and Peach and Lemon and Cherry. The Royal cook thought that perhaps he could remember what kind of syrup to send the King on Sunday if the name of the syrup was the same as the name of his eldest daughter. Sunday, you know, is the first day of the week and Strawberry would now be the name of his first daughter.

Strawberry helped her father as much as she could and so did her sisters.

One day, it was Wednesday, I remember, and Strawberry had just come into the Royal kitchen with the little glass of chocolate syrup which was to be sent in to the King at four o'clock with his big glass of cold cream. The Royal cook was

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just about discouraged, Strawberry. I declare I have a great mind to leave the palace and find another place. Perhaps I could find a King who wasn't so particular. I'd rather lose my place than my head!"

"Of course you would, Father, dear," exclaimed Strawberry, and she patted his fat hand. "But wait a minute before you give up your place. Perhaps we can think of something. Let us all think," she said. She shut her blue eyes as tight as she could and began to think hard.

Her father shut his gray eyes as tight as he could and thought hard, too. And the under cooks stopped pouring cold water on the bottle of cream and shut their green eyes and their brown eyes and tried to think as hard as Strawberry and her father were thinking.

Strawberry was the first to open her blue eyes. "Has anyone thought of anything?" she asked eagerly.

The Royal cook opened his gray eyes. "I can't think of a thing," he moaned. "Not of a single solitary thing! Oh, dear, I shall lose my head!"

And the under cooks opened their green eyes and their brown eyes and said that they couldn't think of a single solitary thing, either, but they did hope that the Royal cook wouldn't lose his head.

"Nonsense!" exclaimed Strawberry very sternly. "Of course he isn't going to lose his head! *Of course* he isn't going to lose his head! What is that?" she asked suddenly, for there was a most tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door.

It was such a tremendous noise that they all ran to see what

made it. Even if the Royal cook was afraid he would lose his head, they just had to run to see what made the tremendous noise on the other side of the kitchen door, because that was the kind of noise it was.

"Apple sauce and gingerbread!" exclaimed the Royal cook when he saw what the noise was.

"My goodness!" exclaimed Strawberry and her sisters when they saw what had made the noise. They stared like anything.

"Great jumping noodles!" cried all the under cooks at once when they saw what had made the noise.

And no wonder they all cried out in surprise, for there in the middle of the road was a wagon which had broken down in front of the Royal kitchen. One of the wagon wheels had broken in two and was lying in the road. And on the broken seat of the wagon was a little boy crying. And all over the road was scattered what had once been in the wagon.

"Don't cry any more, little boy," cried Strawberry. "We'll help you! What is your name and where do you live?"

The little boy stopped crying to stare at Strawberry with his two big brown eyes. "My name is Adoniram after my grandfather," he said. "And I'm a boy from the mountain." He waved his hand toward the east where Strawberry and her sisters and the Royal cook and even the under cooks could see the tiptops of the mountains. "I lived there with my granduncle and when my granduncle died, I lived there alone. All I had in the world was a little cottage and a big lake of blue ice, and I filled my wagon with blue ice and came down to seek my fortune. But it is very warm down here and my blue ice began

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to run away and then my wagon broke down and I haven't found any fortune at all and I'm dis-discouraged!" And he began to cry again.

"Ice!" exclaimed Strawberry. She looked at the blue ice scattered over the road. "Ice is very cold, isn't it?"

"Very cold," said her father. He handed the boy from the mountain his own big handkerchief to wipe the tears away.

"I believe ice is the very coldest thing in the world," Strawberry said slowly. "Isn't it, Father?"

"I suppose it is," answered the Royal cook. "I've never heard the question discussed, but I should say it is."

Strawberry jumped up and clapped her hands. "Then let the under cooks put the King's cream on the ice," she said. "They can break the ice in little pieces, so it will fit close around the bottle. Wait, I'll put the cream in a tin can and perhaps it will cool faster. The glass bottle is thick. And if the cream gets very cold you will make your fortune, Adoniram," she told the boy from the mountain, "for the King will want at least a ton of blue ice every day."

And without waiting for her father's permission Strawberry emptied the bottle of cream into a tin milk can which was on the table. When the under cooks had chopped blue ice into small pieces, Strawberry showed them how to cover the can with the ice.

"In five minutes it should be very cold," she said. "And in ten minutes it will be still colder. We shall leave the can in the ice for ten minutes by the clock in the Royal kitchen."

So they left the can in the ice while the minute hand of the

clock in the Royal kitchen traveled from fifteen minutes to four to five minutes of four, and then Strawberry had the under cooks take the ice away.

"B-r-r-r! But the can is cold!" she exclaimed when she touched the tin. "The cream is cold, too!" she cried when her father had poured the cream into the tall crystal glass. "It is too cold for anyone to drink!"

"It isn't too cold for the King to drink," said her father. "Strawberry, my precious child, you have saved my head! You and Adoniram! I never should have thought of putting the cream on ice!"

The King had never had cream quite so cold as the cream he had at four o'clock that Wednesday afternoon. He was so pleased with it that he sent for the Royal cook.

The Royal cook bowed before the King, until his head almost swept the ground, and he said he never could have done it if it hadn't been for his dear, helpful, little daughter Strawberry.

"I'm glad that your daughters are of some use to you," said the cross old King. "Here, give her this!" He took a gold chain from around his neck and gave it to the Royal cook. "And tell her, if she can find a way to make the cream even colder than it was today, I'll give her a ring for each of her fingers. How many fingers has she?" he snapped.

"Counting the thumbs Strawberry has ten fingers, Your Majesty," said the Royal cook. "All of my children have ten fingers counting the thumbs."

"I don't care what all of your children have," snapped the cross old King. "And I didn't say that I would give all of them

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rings. Make a note of it," he grunted to the Royal treasurer. "If this girl, this Strawberry Head Cook, makes the cream any colder tomorrow, she is to have ten rings. One for each of her ten fingers, counting her thumbs as fingers. And there will be a bag of gold for this Adoniram, the ice boy."

You can imagine how delighted little Strawberry was when she heard that the King had been pleased with the way she had cooled his four o'clock cream. She wanted very much to make the cream colder on Thursday, so that she could have the ten rings.

"I don't want all of them for myself," she explained to her father. "For ten rings are too many for one girl, but you see I could give a ring to Raspberry and one to Chocolate and one to Vanilla and one to Peach and one to Lemon, and if there was one small enough I could give one to little Cherry. That would leave me four rings for myself, and four good rings are enough for any girl."

"I should think so," said her father. "But you will never get even one ring, for no one in the kingdom can make cream any colder than it was today!"

"We can at least try to make it colder!" Strawberry told him firmly.

So all day and all night they made experiments in the Royal kitchen, but try as hard as they would, they didn't seem to be able to get the King's cream any colder than it had been.

"I don't see why you can't get it colder," grumbled the King who sent a herald to the Royal kitchen every hour. "I'll give you one more day, and then if you don't have my four o'clock

cream colder than it was yesterday I'll lock you up in my darkest dungeon, and your seven daughters will have to feed the pigs. They will have to earn their own bread and butter."

When he heard what the King had said, the Royal cook protested. "I'd rather die than be locked up in the darkest dungeon," he told his seven daughters. "I can't make the cream any colder, so I think I shall die."

"Please don't die until tomorrow," begged Strawberry. "The King has given us one more day. Perhaps we can think of some way to make the cream colder, and if we can't, you can die tomorrow."

"Very well," said the Royal head cook. "I shall die tomorrow." And he went to bed and fell fast asleep.

"What shall we do?" Raspberry and Chocolate and Vanilla and Lemon and Peach and even little Cherry asked Strawberry.

"I don't know," confessed Strawberry. "We might put on our thinking caps," she suggested.

Raspberry ran to get the thinking caps, and the seven little sisters put them on and tied the ribbons under their chins and went to sit under the apple tree and think. They thought all the rest of the day, but they couldn't think of a thing. They got up early the next morning and tied on their thinking caps and went out to sit under a pear tree but they couldn't think of a thing. They were still sitting under the pear tree, trying to think and think, when one of the under cooks came to them.

"If you please, Miss Strawberry, it is almost four o'clock and we don't know what to do about the King's four o'clock cream," he said, in a troubled tone of voice.

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"Dear me!" cried Strawberry, jumping to her feet. "I have been thinking about the King's cream so hard that I forgot all about the King's cream. How the time does fly! What shall we do?"

She looked at her six sisters but not one of them could tell her what to do. They followed Strawberry to the kitchen where one of the under cooks had poured the cream into the tin milk can, and the other under cooks had broken the blue ice Adoniram had brought from the mountain into small pieces.

It was Vanilla's turn to bring the syrup, for it was Tuesday, and she ran to the Royal syrup closet. Cherry climbed up on the table to look into the big tin milk can that was full of cream for his Majesty's four o'clock drink. In some way, I never could tell you how, she pushed against Vanilla and, splash! the vanilla syrup was spilled into the can.

"Oh!" cried Vanilla, and she was frightened.

Before she could say another word, one of the under cooks seized the can of cream and clapped the cover on and ran off with it to the cold room where the ton of ice, all chopped in small pieces, had been spread on the floor.

"Perhaps, if you roll the can of cream back and forth over the ice, it will get colder than if you cover it with ice," Strawberry had told the under cooks. She didn't think the cream *would* be colder but she had to *do something*.

So the under cooks rolled the can back and forth over the broken ice. Vanilla and Cherry hid behind the cold room door. They were too frightened to tell Strawberry what had become of the glass of vanilla syrup which Vanilla had brought from

the Royal syrup closet. They didn't dare tell anyone, but they were sure that they would now have to feed the King's pigs.

Everyone was so busy rolling the can of cream and hoping that the cream would be colder than it ever had been, that no one saw how the minute hand of the clock in the Royal kitchen crept up to four. No one even heard the clock call out that it was four o'clock, although the clock called as loud as a clock can call. Strawberry and the under cooks never heard anything until the Royal chamberlain rushed into the cold room. His face was as white as Strawberry's white apron.

"Where is His Majesty's afternoon cream!" he screamed. "It is after four o'clock and His Majesty is furious!"

Strawberry and the under cooks stopped rolling the tin milk can full of cream over the broken ice on the floor of the cold room. Before they could say a word there was a great noise in the Royal kitchen. His Majesty, the King, had come to see for himself what was the matter with his four o'clock cream.

"Oh, Your Majesty!" began Strawberry, so frightened that she dropped the cover of the tin milk can, and it clattered to the floor.

"Don't speak to me!" shouted the King, who looked crosser than you ever imagined anyone could look. "What is the matter? Why hasn't your lazy father sent me my afternoon cold cream? Where is it?"

"Here, Your Majesty." And Strawberry showed him the can.

The King stamped across the cold room and looked into the can.

"That isn't cream!" he shouted, for the can was filled with



something that didn't look a bit like any cream that had ever been seen in the Land of Perhaps. "What is it?" he asked crossly.

Strawberry trembled in her little buckled shoes. "Please, Your Majesty, I don't know," she faltered. "I filled the can with the cream," she began to explain, but the King would not listen to her.

"It looks cold," he said curiously. He took a spoon from the table and dipped it into the can. "It is cold!" he said when he had tasted the white stuff in the can. At the second spoonful he stopped frowning. At the third spoonful he began to laugh.

No one in the Land of Perhaps ever had heard the King laugh before, and the under cooks began to shake in their shoes.

"Icicles and snowflakes," cried the King, putting his spoon into the can as fast as he could empty it. "This is the coldest cream and the best cream I ever ate. It tastes like—" he stopped eating for a second to think what it did taste like. "It tastes as though there were vanilla in this can," he said at last.

"I don't see how that can be, Your Majesty," murmured Strawberry. She had stopped trembling in her buckled shoes the moment she heard the King laugh. "This is the day for your vanilla syrup, but we never put the syrup into the cream."

Then Vanilla and little Cherry stopped crying and came from behind the cold room door.

"If you please, Your Majesty," Vanilla said bravely. "There is vanilla in the cream. I put it in."

"I knew it!" cried the King. He smiled at Vanilla and frowned at Strawberry. "I guess I know the taste of vanilla syrup! I must have had at least seven hundred and fifty glasses of vanilla syrup in the course of my life. But never in all my days have I had anything quite as good and as cold as this stuff." And he took another spoonful and another spoonful and then another spoonful until he had a pain in his forehead, right between his eyes. "I want some of this tomorrow," he told Strawberry as he scraped the can. "And, as tomorrow is Wednesday, you may pour in some of the chocolate syrup instead of the vanilla which your sister used today. Where is my Royal treasurer? Where is my Royal treasurer?" he roared. When the Royal treasurer was brought to him he asked, "What

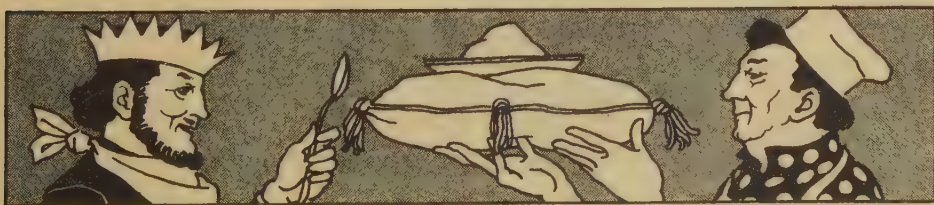
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was the note I had you make in regard to my afternoon cream?"

The Royal treasurer looked through the big book he carried under his arm and at last found the place. "If the daughter of the Royal cook can make the afternoon cream any colder than it was today, she is to have a ring for each of her fingers, including the thumbs," he read in a loud voice. "And Adoniram, the ice boy, is to have a bag of gold."

"Exactly," exclaimed the King. "Send for the ten rings for the young lady at once. You have ten fingers, my dear. Your father said you had, including your thumbs. And bring an extra half dozen for the girl who put the vanilla in the cream," he called after the Royal treasurer. "She must have a reward, too, I declare," and for once he smiled on everyone. "I don't know when I've enjoyed any cream as I have enjoyed this vanilla—this vanilla—" He hesitated and looked at the chopped ice on the floor of the cold room. "This vanilla ice cream!" he shouted suddenly. "The name of this delicious stuff is ice cream. Tell your father I shall want it every day of my life," he told Strawberry. "I should think everyone in the world would want it!"

And now that people know how to make ice cream, everyone does want it nearly every day. You want it every day, don't you?



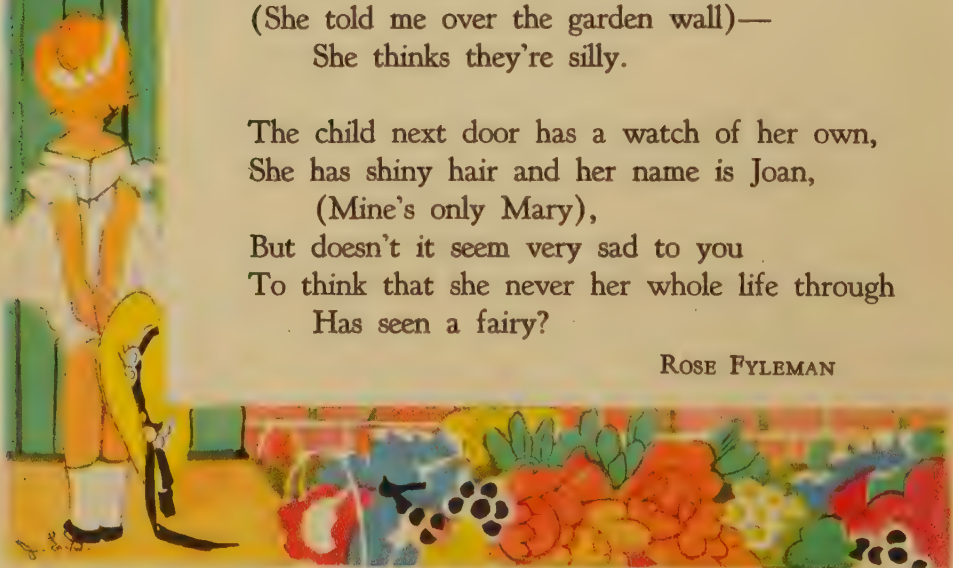


THE CHILD NEXT DOOR

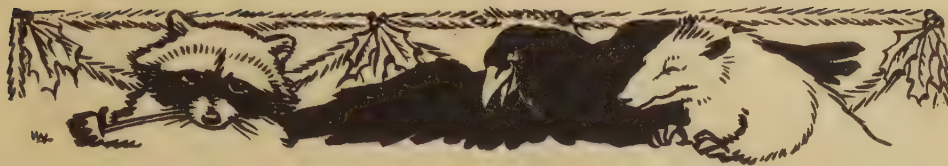
THE child next door has a wreath on her hat,
Her afternoon frock sticks out like that,
All soft and frilly;
She doesn't believe in fairies at all
(She told me over the garden wall)—
She thinks they're silly.

The child next door has a watch of her own,
She has shiny hair and her name is Joan,
(Mine's only Mary),
But doesn't it seem very sad to you
To think that she never her whole life through
Has seen a fairy?

ROSE FYLEMAN



From *Fairies and Chimneys*, by Rose Fyleman. Copyright 1920. New York: George H. Doran Company, publishers.



CHRISTMAS AT THE HOLLOW TREE INN

ALBERT BIGELOW PAINE

[The Story Teller told the last Hollow Tree Story on Christmas Eve. It was snowing outside, and the little lady was wondering how it was in the far Deep Woods]

ONCE upon a time, he said, when the Robin, and Turtle, and Squirrel, and Jack Rabbit had all gone home for the winter, nobody was left in the Hollow Tree except the 'Coon and 'Possum and the old black Crow. Of course the others used to come back and visit them pretty often, and Mr. Dog, too, now that he had got to be good friends with all the Deep Woods people, and they thought a great deal of him when they got to know him better. Mr. Dog told them a lot of things they had never heard of before, things that he'd learned at Mr. Man's house, and maybe that's one reason why they got to liking him so well.

He told them about Santa Claus, for one thing, and how the old fellow came down the chimney on Christmas Eve to bring presents to Mr. Man and his children, who always hung up their stockings for them; and Mr. Dog said that once he had hung up his stocking, too, and got a nice bone in it, that was so good he had buried and dug it up again as much as six times before spring. He said that Santa Claus always came to visit

From *The Hollow Tree and Deep Woods Book*. New York. Harper & Brothers.

Mr. Man's house, and that when the children hung up their stockings they were always sure to get something in them.

Well, the Hollow Tree people had never heard of Santa Claus. They knew about Christmas, of course, because everybody, even the cows and sheep, know about that; but they had never heard of Santa Claus. You see, Santa Claus only comes to Mr. Man's house, but they didn't know that, either; so they thought if they just hung up their stockings he'd come there, too, and that's what they made up their minds to do. They talked about it a great deal together, and Mr. 'Possum looked over all his stockings to pick out the biggest one he had, and Mr. Crow he made himself a new pair on purpose. Mr. 'Coon said he never knew Mr. Crow to make himself such big stockings before, but Mr. Crow said he was getting old and needed things bigger; and when he loaned one of his new stockings to Mr. 'Coon, Mr. 'Coon said, "That's so," and that he guessed they were about right after all. They didn't tell anybody about it at first, but by and by they told Mr. Dog what they were going to do, and when Mr. Dog heard it he wanted to laugh right out. You see, he knew Santa Claus never went anywhere except to Mr. Man's house, and he thought it would be a great joke on the Hollow Tree people when they hung up their stockings and didn't get anything.

But by and by Mr. Dog thought about something else. He thought it would be too bad, too, for them to be disappointed that way. You see, Mr. Dog liked them all now, and when he had thought about that a minute he made up his mind to do something. And this is what it was—he made up his mind



to play Santa Claus for all his friends!

He knew just how Santa Claus looked, 'cause he'd seen lots of his pictures at Mr. Man's house, and he thought it would be great fun to dress up that way and take a bag of presents to the Hollow Tree while they were all asleep and fill up the stockings of the 'Coon and 'Possum and the old black Crow. But first he had to be sure of some way of getting in, so he said

to them he didn't see how they could expect Santa Claus, their chimneys were so small; and Mr. Crow said they could leave their latchstring out downstairs, which was just what Mr. Dog wanted. Then they said they were going to have all the folks that had spent the summer with them over for Christmas dinner and to see the presents they had got in their stockings. They told Mr. Dog to drop over, too, if he could get away, and Mr. Dog said he would, and went off laughing to himself and ran all the way home because he felt so pleased at what he was going to do.

Well, he had to work pretty hard, I tell you, to get things ready. It wasn't so hard to get the presents as it was to rig up his Santa Claus dress. He found some long wool out in Mr. Man's barn for his white whiskers, and he put some that wasn't so long on the edges of his overcoat and boot tops and around an old hat he had. Then he borrowed a big sack he found out there, too, and fixed it up to swing over his back, just as he had seen Santa Claus do in the pictures. He had a lot of nice things to take along. Three tender young chickens he'd borrowed from Mr. Man, for one thing, and then he bought some new neckties for the Hollow Tree folks all around, and a big striped candy cane for each one, because candy canes always looked well sticking out of a stocking. Besides all that, he had a new pipe for each, and a package of tobacco. You see, Mr. Dog lived with Mr. Man, and didn't ever have to buy much for himself, so he had always saved his money. He had even more things than that, but I can't remember just now what they were; and when he started out, all dressed up like Santa Claus,

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I tell you his bag was pretty heavy, and he almost wished before he got there that he hadn't started with quite so much.

It got heavier and heavier all the way, and he was glad enough to get there and find the latchstring out. He set his bag down to rest a minute before climbing the stairs, and then opened the door softly and listened. He didn't hear a thing except Mr. Crow and Mr. 'Coon and Mr. 'Possum breathing pretty low, and he knew they might wake up any minute, and he wouldn't have been caught there in the midst of things for a good deal. So he slipped up just as easy as anything, and when he got up in the big parlor room he almost had to laugh right out loud, for there were the stockings sure enough, all hung up in a row, and a card with a name on it over each one telling who it belonged to.

Then he listened again, and all at once he jumped and held his breath, for he heard Mr. 'Possum say something. But Mr. 'Possum was only talking in his sleep, and saying, "I'll take another piece, please," and Mr. Dog knew he was dreaming about the mince pie he'd had for supper.

So, then he opened his bag and filled the stockings. He put in mixed candy and nuts and little things first, and then the pipes and tobacco and candy canes, so they'd show at the top, and hung a nice dressed chicken outside. I tell you, they looked fine! It almost made Mr. Dog wish he had a stocking of his own there to fill, and he forgot all about them waking up, and sat down in a chair to look at the stockings. It was a nice rocking chair, and over in a dark corner where they wouldn't be apt to see him, even if one of them did wake up and stick

his head out of his room, so Mr. Dog felt pretty safe now, anyway. He rocked softly and looked and looked at the nice stockings, and thought how pleased they'd be in the morning, and how tired he was. You've heard about people being as tired as a dog; and that's just how Mr. Dog felt. He was so tired he didn't feel a bit like starting home, and by and by—he never did know how it happened—but by and by Mr. Dog went sound asleep right there in his chair, with all his Santa Claus clothes on.

And there he sat, with his empty bag in his hand and the nice full stockings in front of him, all night long. Even when it came morning and began to get light Mr. Dog didn't know it; he just slept right on, he was that tired. Then pretty soon the door of Mr. 'Possum's room opened and he poked out his head. And just then the door of Mr. 'Coon's room opened and he poked out his head. Then the door of the old black Crow opened and out poked his head. They all looked toward the stockings, and they didn't see Mr. Dog, or even each other, at all. They saw their stockings, though, and Mr. 'Coon said all at once:

"Oh, there's something in my stocking!"

And then Mr. Crow says: "Oh, there's something in my stocking, too!"

And Mr. 'Possum says: "Oh, there's something in all our stockings!"

And with that they gave a great hurrah all together, and rushed out and grabbed their stockings and turned around just in time to see Mr. Dog jump right straight up out of his chair,



for he did not know where he was the least bit in the world.

“Oh, there’s Santa Claus himself!” they all shouted together, and made a rush for their rooms, for they were scared almost to death. But it all dawned on Mr. Dog in a second, and he commenced to laugh and hurrah to think what a joke it was on everybody. And when they heard Mr. Dog laugh they knew him right away, and they all came up and looked at him, and he had to tell just what he’d done and everything; so they

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emptied out their stockings on the floor and ate some of the presents and looked at the others, until they almost forgot about breakfast, just as children do on Christmas morning.

Then Mr. Crow said, all at once, that he'd make a little coffee, and that Mr. Dog must stay and have some, and by and by they made him promise to spend the day with them and be there when the Robin and the Squirrel and Mr. Turtle and Jack Rabbit came, which he did.

And it was snowing hard outside, which made it a nicer Christmas than if it hadn't been, and when all the others came they brought presents, too. And when they saw Mr. Dog dressed up as Santa Claus and heard how he'd gone to sleep and been caught, they laughed and laughed. And it snowed so hard that they had to stay all night, and after dinner they sat around the fire and told stories. And they had to stay the next night, too, and all that Christmas week. And I wish I could tell you all that happened that week, but I can't, because I haven't time. But it was the very nicest Christmas that ever was in the Hollow Tree, or in the Big Deep Woods anywhere.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

THERE'S a song in the air!
There's a star in the sky!
There's a mother's deep prayer
And a baby's low cry!
And the star rains its fire while the Beautiful sing,
For the manger of Bethlehem cradles a king.

JOSIAH GILBERT HOLLAND



DUST UNDER THE RUG

MAUD LINDSAY

THERE was once a mother who had two little daughters; and, as her husband was dead and she was very poor, she worked diligently all the time that they might be well fed and clothed. She was a skilled worker, and found work to do away from home, but her two little girls were so good and so helpful that they kept her house as neat and as bright as a new pin.

One of the little girls was lame and could not run about the house; so she sat still in her chair and sewed, while Minnie, the sister, washed the dishes, swept the floor, and made the home beautiful.

Their home was on the edge of a great forest; and after their tasks were finished the little girls would sit at the window and watch the tall trees as they bent in the wind, until it would seem as though the trees were real persons, nodding and bending and bowing to each other.

In the Spring there were the birds, in the Summer the wild flowers, in Autumn the bright leaves, and in Winter the great drifts of white snow; so that the whole year was a round of delight to the two happy children. But one day the dear

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mother came home sick; and then they were very sad. It was Winter, and there were many things to buy. Minnie and her sister sat by the fire and talked it over, and at last Minnie said:

"Dear sister, I must go out to find work, before the food gives out." So she kissed her mother, and, wrapping herself up, started from home. There was a narrow path leading through the forest, and she determined to follow it until she reached some place where she might find the work she wanted.

As she hurried on, the shadows grew deeper. The night was coming fast when she saw before her a very small house, which was a welcome sight. She made haste to reach it and to knock at the door.

Nobody came in answer to her knock. When she had tried again and again, she thought that nobody lived there; and she opened the door and walked in, thinking that she would stay all night.

As soon as she stepped into the house, she started back in surprise; for there before her she saw twelve little beds with the bedclothes all tumbled, twelve little dirty plates on a very





dusty table, and the floor of the room so dusty that I am sure you could have drawn a picture on it.

“Dear me!” said the little girl, “this will never do!” And as soon as she had warmed her hands, she set to work to make the room tidy.

She washed the plates, she made up the beds, she swept the floor, she straightened the great rug in front of the fireplace, and set the twelve little chairs in a half circle around the fire; and, just as she finished, the door opened and in walked twelve of the queerest little people she had ever seen. They were just

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about as tall as a carpenter's rule, and all wore yellow clothes; and when Minnie saw this, she knew that they must be the dwarfs who kept the gold in the heart of the mountain.

"Well!" said the dwarfs all together, for they always spoke together and in rhyme:

Now isn't this a sweet surprise?
We really can't believe our eyes!

Then they spied Minnie, and cried in great astonishment:

Who can this be, so fair and mild?
Our helper is a stranger child.

Now when Minnie saw the dwarfs she came to meet them. "If you please," she said, "I'm little Minnie Gray; and I'm looking for work because my dear mother is sick. I came in here when the night drew near, and—" here all the dwarfs laughed, and called out merrily:

You found our room a sorry sight,
But you have made it clean and bright.

They were such dear funny little dwarfs! After they had thanked Minnie for her trouble, they took white bread and honey from the closet and asked her to sup with them.

While they sat at supper, they told her that their fairy housekeeper had taken a holiday, and their house was not well kept because she was away.

They sighed when they said this; and after supper, when

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Minnie washed the dishes and set them carefully away, they looked at her often and talked among themselves. When the last plate was in its place they called Minnie to them and said:

Dear mortal maiden will you stay
All through our fairy's holiday?
And if you faithful prove, and good,
We will reward you as we should.

Now Minnie was much pleased, for she liked the kind dwarfs, and wanted to help them, so she thanked them and went to bed to dream happy dreams.

Next morning she was awake with the chickens, and cooked a nice breakfast; and after the dwarfs left, she cleaned up the room and mended the dwarfs' clothes. In the evening when the dwarfs came home they found a bright fire and a warm supper waiting for them; and every day Minnie worked faithfully until the last day of the fairy housekeeper's holiday.

That morning, as Minnie looked out of the window to watch the dwarfs go to their work, she saw on one of the window panes the most beautiful picture she had ever seen.

A picture of fairy palaces with towers of silver and frosted pinnacles, so wonderful and beautiful that as she looked at it she forgot that there was work to be done, until the cuckoo clock on the mantel struck twelve.

Then she ran in haste to make up the beds, and wash the dishes; but because she was in a hurry she could not work quickly, and when she took the broom to sweep the floor it was almost time for the dwarfs to come home.

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"I believe," said Minnie aloud, "that I will not sweep under the rug today. After all, it is nothing for dust to be where it can't be seen!" So she hurried to her supper and left the rug unturned.

Before long the dwarfs came home. As the rooms looked just as usual, nothing was said; and Minnie thought no more of the dust until she went to bed and the stars peeped through the window.

Then she thought of it, for it seemed to her that she could hear the stars saying:

"There is the little girl who is so faithful and good"; and Minnie turned her face to the wall, for a little voice, right in her own heart, said:

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!"

"There is the little girl," cried the stars, "who keeps home as bright as star-shine."

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart.

"We see her! We see her!" called all the stars joyfully.

"Dust under the rug! Dust under the rug!" said the little voice in Minnie's heart, and she could bear it no longer. So she sprang out of bed, and, taking her broom in her hand, she swept the dust away; and lo! under the dust lay twelve shining gold pieces, as round and as bright as the moon.

"Oh! oh! oh!" cried Minnie, in great surprise; and all the little dwarfs came running to see what was the matter.

Minnie told them all about it; and when she had ended her story, all the dwarfs gathered lovingly around her and said:

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Dear child, the gold is all for you,
For faithful you have proved and true;
But had you left the rug unturned,
A groat was all you would have earned.
Our love goes with the gold we give,
And oh! forget not while you live,
That in the smallest duty done
Lies wealth of joy for every one.

Minnie thanked the dwarfs for their kindness to her; and early next morning she hastened home with her golden treasure, which bought many good things for the dear mother and little sister.

She never saw the dwarfs again; but she never forgot their lesson, to do her work faithfully; and she always swept under the rug.



THE JEWELED SLIPPER¹

A Hindu Legend



AGES and ages ago, and a little time before that, there lived a powerful Rajah in India who had a beautiful daughter. She was his only child, and was unlike all other children in that she had been born with a golden necklace about her throat. In this necklace was her soul, and so long as she wore it she was well and happy; but should it be taken off and worn by someone else, the princess could not survive.

When the princess was grown and was almost a young lady, her father, the Rajah, gave her as a birthday gift a pair of slippers ornamented with gold and gems.

The princess put on her new slippers and went out upon the mountainside beyond the palace to gather some lovely flowers that grew there. The slope was quite steep, and as the princess bent to pluck a particularly gorgeous spray of blossoms, one of her slippers came off and dropped down into the forest below.

Now it happened that a prince from a distant kingdom was hunting in the forest that day and he happened to find the slipper. He was so charmed with its dainty slender beauty that he desired to find its owner and make her his wife. He made his wish known everywhere, but for a year and a day nobody came to claim the slipper, and the poor prince grew very sad. At last, some people from the Rajah's country heard of it and

¹This Hindu legend of the lost slipper has its counterpart in the Greek and Egyptian tales of Rhodopê, and our better-known story of Cinderella.



told the prince that the Rajah's daughter had lost such a slipper and where he could find her.

He at once set out, and soon the Rajah's court was reached. The prince presented the slipper and begged that its owner might be given to him as his wife. As he was an excellent and handsome young man, the Rajah gave his consent and the

princess gladly accepted him as her husband. After the wedding they departed for the prince's country.

Now the prince had several sisters, and when he reached home they welcomed him and his bride. For some months all went well. Then one of the sisters admired the bride's necklace and determined to have it. One afternoon, when the princess was resting, this sister stole the necklace and put it on her own neck. No sooner did this happen than the Rajah's daughter sank into a deep sleep and though her face did not lose its bloom she lay like one dead and could not be roused. Every day the prince went to see her, for he loved her as much as ever, but nothing he could do would bring her back to life.

At last one day he noticed the necklace on his sister's throat, and said, "How much that resembles the chain my dear wife always wore."

His sister made no answer, but the next day he saw that the chain was gone from his wife's throat, so he called his sister and made her put the chain back on the throat of the Rajah's daughter. No sooner was this done than the soul of the princess was born again in her, she came to life, and was as well and happy as ever.

The covetous sister was sent away, and the prince and the Rajah's daughter lived happily for many years thereafter.





THE LITTLE RED-HEADED PRINCESS

DAHRIS BUTTERWORTH MARTIN



WHOEVER heard tell of a red-headed princess? Of course, you never did! You can search your fairy books through and through and never once will you find tell of a red-headed princess. For there never *was* one in song or story till *once upon a time*. And that's where our story begins.

Once upon a time there was a red-headed princess. A little princess whose hair was as red as fire or carrots or—well, any of the things we think of when we see a red-head. Oh, there couldn't be any mistake about its redness.

Now, as I've already said, such a thing had never been heard tell of before. In all the Kingdom there had never been a red-headed princess. As far back as the very oldest folk could remember there had never been a red-headed princess. Until, of course, once upon a time.

"How very nice," laughed the Lady Queen, stroking the baby head that was already covered with soft, very red down.

"How ex-traor-di-nary," quoth the Daddy King, tilting his crown at a puzzled angle.

The Court Sages put their wise old heads together and rubbed their chins. Her Royal Highness would outgrow it, they said. (They meant, of course, the red hair.) There never was and there never could be a red-headed princess that might some

By permission of the author.



day de a red-headed queen. It wasn't to be thought of. Oh, most certainly Her Royal Highness would outgrow it. Then the Court Sages put their solemn heads closer together and rubbed their chins harder and croaked, "In-dubitably. In-dubitably."

The ladies-in-waiting held their sides with laughing. "Cun-nin' 'ittle red-head," they tittered, peeping into the royal cradle.

Far and wide—near and far—all over the Kingdom went the Court Criers, crying loudly, shouting gaily:



Born today.
First of May.
A princess fair
Who has red hair!



A princess-with-red-hair!! In spite of the wonder of it, it tickled the fancies of the Good Folk. "Just fancy," they mused before their fires in the chilly evenings.

Many a good wife scurried home to sew white ribbons in place of the pink or blue in her gifts for the tiny new princess. For even a red-headed princess cannot wear pink or blue!

In the meantime the Little Princess lay in the royal cradle and played with her royal toes. She delighted in pulling her old nurse's nose. And all the time she was red-headed. She wasn't outgrowing it—and she didn't mind.

The very red down in due time grew into very red ringlets. (Still very red.) And later on there were two bobbing pig-tails. And later on the pigtails were two braids that hung over her shoulders—long and shining and RED. The Little Princess' eyes were like pansies—the brown kind—and her voice made you think of little brooks lipping through ferny places.

And everybody loved her. So what difference did it make whether her hair was black, or brown, or flaxen, or red?

In fact, everybody was beginning to forget that a red-headed princess was a curious thing. That is, everybody but the Court Sages. They still believed she'd "outgrow it"! But as for the Little Princess herself, she had never minded, anyway.

Now at her christening she was given a wondrously beautiful name. They thought it would make up for the red hair, I suppose. They gave her a name that sounded like all the music of the world singing together: harps and winds in tree-tops and seashells. And her name was Charmian.

Such a name would have made any little girl happy. Just any ordinary, everyday, little girl. To say nothing of a princess. For remember that Charmian had the fun of being a princess!

Time went along—as time does. Everything in the Kingdom was as fit as a fiddle. And then something happened—oh, quite suddenly. The Little Princess began minding. That is, about being red-headed. And this is how it happened.

In the garden one morning Charmian was tossing her golden ball. Suddenly a Voice called, “Red-head, Red-head, Red-head.” Little Princess cocked one ear. A queer piping Voice it was. It seemed to come from just no place at all. A moment, then it came again, “Red-head, Red-head, Red-head.”

Little Princess cocked two ears. Such a queer little Voice. It sounded like nothing so much as the creaking of a rusty hinge. And such a queer thing for the Voice to be calling. For (you understand) as far as Charmian knew, red hair was quite the proper color for the head of a little princess to be. She only wondered a little as she hunted about the garden. High and low, here and there she hunted, but neither sight did she see nor sound did she hear. So up went the golden ball once more. Up and down, up and down, like sunshine flickering, again and again went the golden ball.

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All at once it started again. Only this time it went, "Red-head, red-head, hee, hee, hee! Red-head, red-head, red as can be! !" And there on the wall—as plain as day—sat a dwarf. He was rocking himself to and fro, his arms twisted three times round his hunched knees. So little and brown and wizened was he, he might have been a leaf. And there he sat rocking and screwing his face into naughty knots. But worst of all was the squeaking for all the world like a rusty hinge, "Red-head, red-head, red as can be. Red-head, red-head, hee, hee, heeee! !"

Right then the Little Princess began minding—minding so hard that her sobs filled the Palace Garden, and brought her Old Nurse running. They brought the Daddy King and the Lady Queen running. The Palace Guards came running. Indeed, the Court Sages themselves came running. But when the Old Nurse, the Lady Queen, and the Daddy King and all the others got there, the dwarf was gone. Clean gone. Disappeared. Snuffed out like a candle. There was only Little Princess Charmian, wringing her hands, minding for the first time that she was red-headed.

Oh, what a to-do there was—now that the Little Princess minded! And oh, how she minded! She sobbed that she didn't want red hair. She wept whole puddles of tears. She yanked at her pigtails till her foolish little head ached. And somehow or other—curiously enough—those pigtails seemed redder than ever!

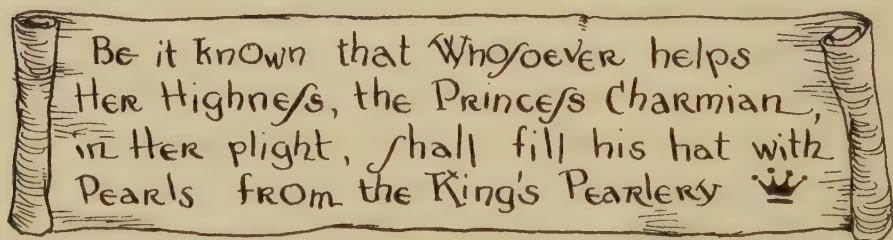
So there seemed only one thing for the Little Princess to do. She sobbed. And sobbed. In spite of everything they did or

said she went on sobbing and sobbing.

The Lady Queen wrung her hands in despair. The Daddy King was quite beside himself. He loved Little Princess so much that he would gladly have given up half his Kingdom, I believe, to keep her from dropping a tear.

The Court Sages—so wondrous wise, you remember—said Her Royal Highness would get over it. (I don't just know whether they meant her red hair or her sorrow.) Anyway, they rubbed their chins and said, "In-dubitably. In-dubitably."

Hours and days and weeks passed, but Charmian wasn't getting over it. The Daddy King, distracted, sent his Court Criers throughout the length and breadth of the land, proclaiming:



Far and wide, near and far, all over the Kingdom again went the Court Criers. And at their heels came those who sought to help the distressed princess. (And help themselves to the pearls into the bargain!) From far and wide, near and far they came. Rich men, poor men, beggar men, chiefs, doctors, lawyers, merchants, priests poured into the Palace. Each brought an Idea for solving the problem of the Little Princess' red hair.

One offered a comb that was supposed to comb away the

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redness. Alas! it only succeeded in snarling her hair—as well as her temper—into a sorry state.

Another had curl papers. “Magic,” he said they were. For days the Little Princess’ hair went about screwed into four-and-twenty knots. But the four-and-twenty-knots unscrewed into four-and-twenty kinks. Red kinks, mind you.

One valiant fellow from the farthest corner of the land had a powder. Her Highness had only to dissolve it in water, dip her head into it, and lo! her hair would become as black as cinders that the flame has left. But, although the directions were carefully followed, Charmian’s hair was dyed a most brilliant purple. Thereupon that valiant fellow was soaked overnight in a vat of his own medicine! And it was only after thirteen vigorous scrubbings with yellow soap that the Little Princess’ hair was red once more.

Still the people with ideas poured into the Palace.

At first the Little Princess had everything tried. Her poor little head was frizzled till it sizzled; was bleached till she screeched.

Now, it was coming May Day. May Day was Princess Charmian’s birthday, if you remember, so, of course, it was the great Day of Days in the Kingdom. But unless something happened very soon it looked as though the Little Princess would spend this birthday in tears. For red her hair was, and red it always would be, it seemed. Things were beginning to look hopeless.

And then it was May Day. Other May Days the Good Folk had banners, bands, and bonfires, higher than haystacks.

Nobody felt like rejoicing this year. Certainly the Little Princess didn't rejoice. The truth was she was making herself ill with weeping. And the Daddy King—at his wits' end—nagged and wagged his poor head till his crown toppled.

And all the time it was May Day! There was blue, blue sky with lambkin clouds dancing on it. There was new green grass thrown over the fields and byways like scarfs, all dotted with pinky blossoms.

Down the road this May Day came an old man. He wore a long green cloak. As green as the pine woods it was. And the buckles on his shoes flashed in the sunshine. His hat was rather too large for his head and upon it was a feather that curled about the brim and off—in a grand sweep. The face underneath his hat reminded you of something withered and dried up. A winter apple, maybe, or—better still—a seed.

And oh! The pack on his back! 'Twas a pack of patches, I declare! Sky-blue patches and orange patches and purple patches; checked patches, green patches, polka-dot patches, all jumbled together. Such a bundle could hold only the jolliest secrets, you somehow felt sure.

The back under this pack was bent, but the man's step was light and quick. And as he swung along he sang:

For I am Mister Pokitt
Sing fol de rol, sing hey!
My sturdy pack's upon my back
I'll travel far today.

All this he sang to a queer, funny, high, little tune that—if you'd heard it—you'd sing in your mind for days after.

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Down the hill into the village he came, his buckles flashing, his feather waving. Dogs that came out to bark, sniffed and nuzzled against the green cloak. As the high little tune went up the street, mothers, tired with waiting on little ones, began humming. Little hands waved here and there—from a wall, from a gate. And a flock of birds swept down to circle about his head. They flew on, soaring back—once or twice—to cluster about him lovingly.

On and on and on he went, stepping in time to his song.

Now he was on the highroad. At the crest of the road stood the Palace. Its turrets sparkled in the May-Day sunshine.

Through the great outer gates of the Palace went the little old man. Right past the astonished guards, without so much as ask-by-your-leave! Through the great inner gates and through, goodness knows how many, gardens and courtyards and royal chambers and winding corridors he went, his heels making a pleasant clickedy-click-click.

Into the Princess' own chamber he marched. Such a sorry sight was this for a May Day! Here sat the little red-headed princess sniffing, and snuffing smelling salts between sniffles. Here was the Lady Queen who had not left off wringing her hands since she had started. Here was the Daddy King with his crown set crookedly, and he didn't care. Here were the ladies-in-waiting, poor dears!—looking as dismal as a month of rainy Sundays. And here was Mr. Pokitt sweeping off his hat and saying brightly, "Heigho, here I am!" He said it just as though they had been waiting for him. 'Twas most curious!

Everyone seemed to forget that a body didn't speak to kings

and queens and princesses that way. For such a long while everyone had thought only of the Princess' red hair that they had completely got out of the habit of thinking of anything else.

Now everybody dabbed his or her eyes and stared at the bent little stranger with his pine-green cloak and fascinating pack.

"Heigho," said Mister Pokitt again, bowing double. "Here I am to cure the Little Princess of all her woes."

"See that you do," growled the King; "the worse for you if you fail." And I'm afraid he meant it.

But—wonder of wonders—the Little Princess had stopped crying! Her face was all swollen and red, but she wasn't crying.

"Oooooo," she said, clasping her hands, "just make me happy again." And all this she said without so much as one sob in her voice!

The little old man was already fumbling in that curious bundle of rainbow patches. When he bobbed up he brought a long roll of paper.

He sat himself on a little tuffet. (Had that come out of the pack, too, the Little Princess wondered.) And now he unwound the roll and with his legs crossed he began reading.

The King's mouth fell open in amazement. A fine way indeed to cure his Little Princess of red hair! He was just about to order the old fellow out of his Kingdom, when he caught sight of the Little Princess' face.

Why, only a little while ago it had been swollen and red!



And here she was, as fresh as a daisy, listening. Listening with every bit of her. The Daddy King cocked his ear, and in a trice he was listening, not only with his ears but with every bit of him. For the little man was reading a wondrous story.

It was all about a little maiden who was so kind-hearted that the fairies spun her a gift of hair. Spider webs and thisledown they gathered, golden pollen from the flowers, and even handfuls of star dust. Their spinning wheels whirred many days.

When they finished 'twas found they had made stuff that

had never been seen before on land or sea. Long soft curls of hair they had woven. And lo, 'twas red as tassels of corn silk.

The fairies were so delighted with the little maiden and her lovely hair that they made her their queen. She rode in a coach drawn by butterflies. In the moonlight she danced, and her shining hair was a sight to behold!

The Queen of the Fairies was kept busy being godmother to little prince and princess babies. She always had a gift for everyone of them. Sometimes 'twould be the gift of a kind heart, or sometimes sunny smiles. Sometimes—for some good reason, mind you—large ears.

Now there was one gift the Fairy Queen gave only once in a great while. To her favorite god-child would she give the wondrous gift of red hair.

Suddenly Princess Charmian cried, "Oh! Oh! Oh!" She was looking down at her long braids as if she had never seen them before. "Why," she laughed, "the fairy godmother gave *me* the gift of red hair. How lovely!"

"Aha, you've guessed the secret," chuckled the little Mr. Pokitt, rolling up his story.

Then such a hubbub!

"You must be her favorite god-child," the Lady Queen cried between smiles and tears.

The ladies-in-waiting tittered excitedly.

"Ex-traor-dinary. Ex-traor-dinary," boomed the Daddy King.

"In-dubitably. In-dubitably!" croaked the Court Sages rubbing their chins and trying to look wise.

◆ ◆ To Enchanted Lands ◆ ◆

Just then Charmian thought of the little old man. But bless me! He wasn't to be found. When he had gone, or *where* he had gone, nobody could tell. But *gone* he was. A guard said something about seeing a green cloak disappear around a corner.

If it had been found that he had vanished like the dwarf 'twould have been no surprise, for 'twas declared that anybody that could cure the Little Princess in this way could do anything. Just anything!

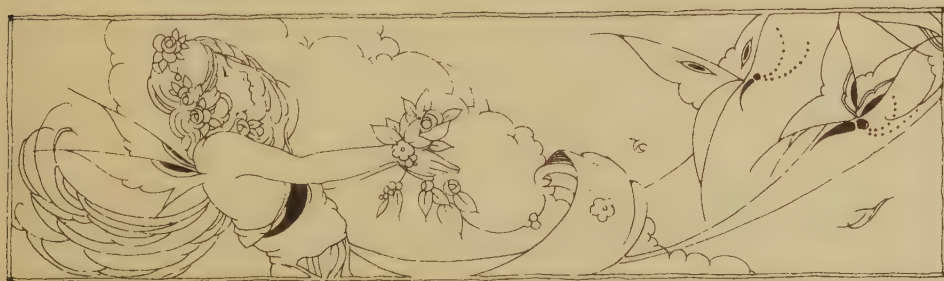
"But the pearls. . . . What about the pearls? He didn't wait for the pearls," said everybody to everybody else at the same time.

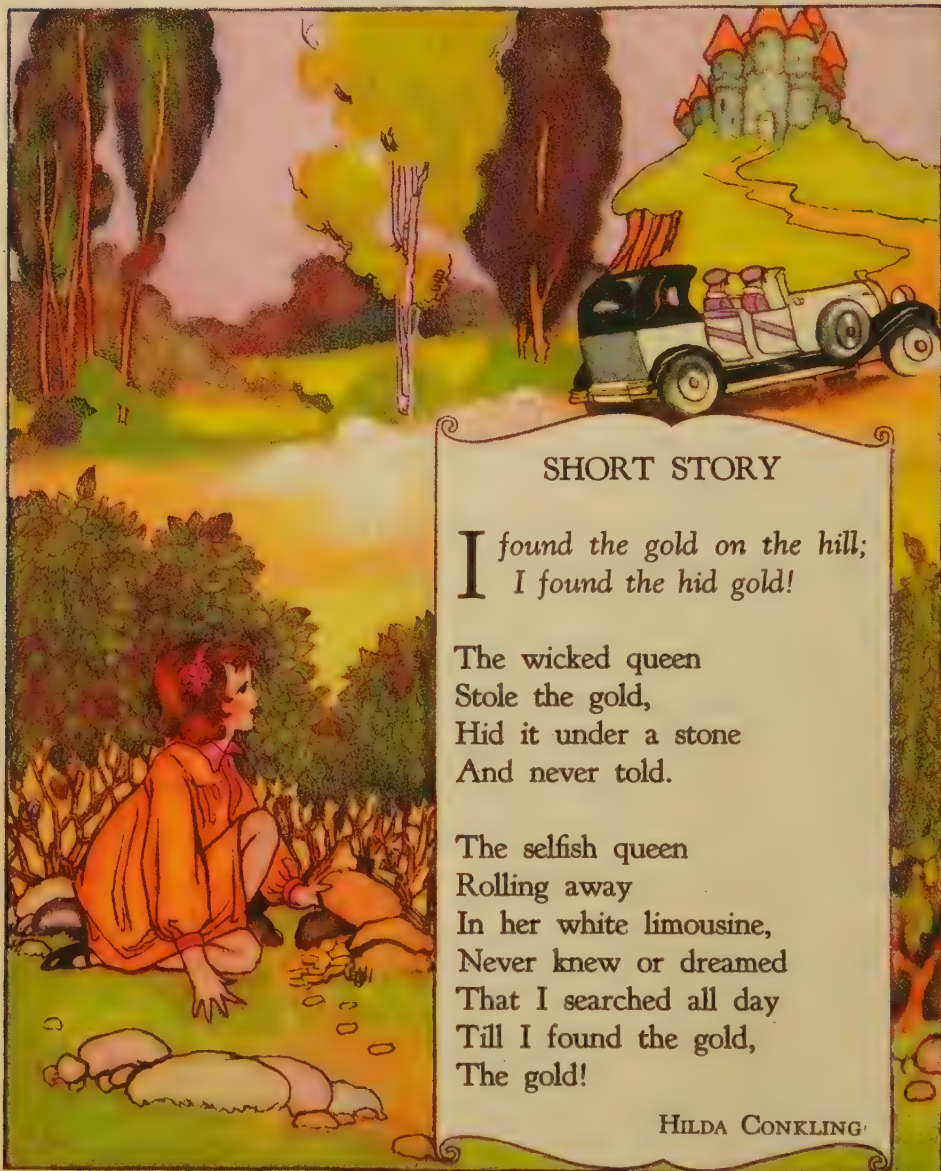
"And I never even thanked him," mourned the Little Princess, who had a kind heart.

But the next moment she was happy again. In fact, if the truth be known, she was happy ever after.

Straightway the Kingdom began to celebrate May Day, with banners, bands, and bonfires, in quite the good old way.

The Old Nurse brushed Little Princess' hair till it shone like silk. As for Charmian herself, she smiled in the looking-glass because she had red hair!





SHORT STORY

I found the gold on the hill;
I found the hid gold!

The wicked queen
Stole the gold,
Hid it under a stone
And never told.

The selfish queen
Rolling away
In her white limousine,
Never knew or dreamed
That I searched all day
Till I found the gold,
The gold!

HILDA CONKLING

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JOHNNY BEAR AND OTHER WINTER SLEEPERS

CLARENCE HAWKES

JOHNNY BEAR is born in February down under the ground in the dark, in his mother's winter parlor. But before I tell you more of Johnny Bear and his sister, I shall have to tell you something of his mother, so you will know just how she happened to be living underground.

All through the summer months the old bear is roaming about the fields and woods. During July and August she lives on blueberries, blackberries, and any other berries that she can find. She will stand in front of a blueberry bush and swoop off the berries with her long tongue in a very lively manner. In the autumn she changes her diet to nuts and roots. She occasionally varies this with a young pig or sheep if she can find these delicacies.

Something tells her that the winter will be long and hard, and that she must lay up lots of fat, so she eats and eats until her ribs are covered with fat.

By the time the first snows come she is almost as fat as a pig. Also about this time she feels very sleepy. She tries to stay awake, but in spite of all she can do, the drowsiness steals upon her. This means that she is getting ready for her long winter sleep. So she searches for a place to make her winter parlor.

From *The Way of the Wild: Stories of Field and Forest*. Philadelphia: Macrae Smith Company.

She usually finds just the right spot under the top of a fallen spruce or pine tree. Here she digs under and burrows about until she has made a large hole, where she snuggles down and finally the deep snow comes and covers her all over with warm white blankets.

She is so completely covered up that if you were to go very close to her winter parlor you would not know that a bear was there at all.

The only evidence that she was sleeping there would be a small hole in the snow. This is melted by her breath as she lies asleep. This is the bear's chimney, and the only opening in her parlor. While she is still partly asleep Johnny Bear and his sister are born.

The old bear almost always has twins. Once in a great while there are three little bears, but two is the usual number.

These little bears are very helpless little fellows and you would not think by their looks that they would ever be full-grown bears.

They are hairless and blind for several days. But they do not mind, for it is so dark down in this underground parlor that they could not see there if they had the best of eyes.

For the first month or six weeks they spend all their time nursing the mother bear and sleeping. Sleeping and eating make all young creatures grow rapidly. So it is with the young bears. When the old bear finally brings them forth into the great wide world in April, they are quite respectable little bears, as large as a small cat.

The very first lesson that they are taught, and this is the first



lesson that all the woodland babies are taught, is to mind. All the woodland babies mind much better than children do. This is because their mothers are very strict. If mother bear told Johnny and his sister to stay under a fallen tree out of sight while she went for food and they disobeyed her, she would box their ears most severely. This is a very necessary thing, as there are many dangers in the great woods and the little creatures must mind their mothers if they do not want to come to harm. So, strict obedience is the first law of the wild family.

The raccoon, who is the smallest of all the bear family, and

called the Little Brother to the Bear, is also a winter sleeper.

His winter parlor, however, is in quite a different place from that of Johnny Bear. When Mr. Raccoon feels the winter drowsiness coming upon him, he looks about in the woods until he finds a hollow stump about fifteen feet high. He climbs up this old hollow stump and inspects it. If it is hollow for several feet down inside, he concludes it is all right.

When it gets so cold and the snow is so deep that he does not want to venture outside, he will take possession of his tree and there he will sleep most of the winter through.

Chucky, the woodchuck, is another winter sleeper. All summer long he will store up fat, eating the farmer's beans and other vegetables, until in the autumn he is just a ball of fat.

He goes to bed quite early in the autumn and we do not see him again until spring.

The smallest of all the winter sleepers is the chipmunk. Mr. Chipmunk is a very wise little chap. He has stored up a good supply of nuts and grain under the roots of an old tree. So while the wind howls outside and the snows fall, he eats and sleeps the long winter through.

Most of the reptiles and also the toads and frogs are winter sleepers. It is a very common thing to find in the late autumn a wood frog already sleeping in his bed of leaves. Mr. Wood Frog, who has a spotted, tan-colored coat, will find a place in a hollow where the leaves are deep. Here he will make himself a fine bed by wriggling down under the dead leaves. Finally the winds will cover him completely, and with his head bent forward on his breast and his hands folded on his knees, he will

sleep the winter away. As he sits there he looks very much as though he were saying his prayers. Perhaps he is saying frog prayers. Who knows?

Once, when a boy, I found a striped snake in a hollow tree in the wintertime. He was frozen quite stiff. As he had his head slightly bent forward, it made a good crook and I called him my snake cane. I was rather careful, however, not to lean too heavily on him as I knew he was quite brittle in that frozen state. I carried him home and set him up behind the stove, without thinking of what might happen.

Half an hour later I heard a scream from my small sister. Mr. Snake had thawed out and was crawling slowly around the room. He was probably greatly astonished and was trying to make out where he was and what was happening.

One of the first things that toads and frogs do after coming out of their winter sleep is to put on a perfectly new suit of clothes.

This they do by pulling off the old skin. There is a new skin under it, so without much trouble Mrs. Frog and Mrs. Toad are provided with the very latest spring styles. Fortunately for them, however, the styles do not change, so they are all right (if the suit is new).

So you see this winter sleep is simply a wise provision of nature by means of which many of the wild creatures who could not live and procure food outside in the cold, sleep the winter away and come out again in the spring ready for the new life, none the worse for their long winter's sleep. These creatures are called "hibernators," which means *winter sleepers*.

A TURKEY FOR THE STUFFING

KATHERINE GRACE HULBERT



IT ALWAYS made Ben feel solemn to watch the river in a storm. Today it was gray, and rough, and noisy, and the few boats which went down toward Lake Huron pitched about so that their decks slanted first one way, then another, and their sides were coated with ice.

"Gran'ma, what day's today?" he asked at last, turning from the stormy river to glance about their warm, comfortable little room.

"Wednesday, Benny," answered the small old woman who crouched over the stove.

"Then tomorrow will be Thanksgiving Day, and the Rosses are going to have a turkey," said Ben, excitedly. "What are we going to have, Gran'ma?"

Mrs. Moxon looked over her glasses at her grandson's small, thin figure in its patched and faded clothes, and at his bright, eager face.

"Sonny, dear, what do you think Gran'ma has for Thanksgiving?" she asked gently.

The expectant look faded from Ben's face, and he winked hard to keep the tears from running over. He did not need to be told how bare of dainties their cupboard was, for everything

By permission of *The Youth's Companion*.



there he had brought with his own hands. Bacon and smoked fish enough for all winter were stored away; flour, potatoes, and a few other vegetables were there.

"Tell me about a real Thanksgiving dinner," the small boy begged after the first disappointment had been bravely put away. Mrs. Moxon took off her spectacles, and leaned back cautiously in her broken-rockered chair.

"I remember one Thanksgiving when your pa was alive, we had a dinner fit for a king. There was a ten-pound turkey, with bread stuffing. I put the sage and onions into the stuffing with my own hands."

"We could have some stuffing," interrupted Ben, eagerly.

"So we could, sonny, so we could. It takes you to think of

things," and Mrs. Moxon affectionately patted the little brown hand on her knee. "It never would 'a' come to me that we might have turkey stuffing even if we didn't have any turkey."

Ben beamed with delight at this praise. "And was there anything else besides the turkey and the stuffing, Gran'ma?"

"Land, yes, child. There was turnips, and mashed potatoes, and mince pie, and your pa got two pounds of grapes, though grapes was expensive at that time o' year. Yes, nobody could ask for a better dinner than that was."

"We could have one just like it, all but the turkey and the mince pie and the grapes," said Ben hopefully.

"So we can, and will, too, child," answered the old woman. "Trust you for making the best of things," and the two smiled at each other happily.

Next morning Ben watched his grandmother add an egg, some sage and chopped onion to a bowlful of dry bread, pour boiling water over it, and put the mixture in the oven.

"Your father said I made the best turkey stuffing he ever ate," she said with satisfaction. "We'll see how it comes out, Benny."

"I can't hardly wait till dinner time," Ben said, with an excited skip. "I b'lieve I'll go down to the beach, and pick up driftwood for awhile. You call me when the things are most cooked, Gran'ma."

The storm of the day before had left many a bit of board or end of a log on the beach that would be just the thing for Mrs. Moxon's stove. Ben worked so hard that he did not notice a big barge that was coming slowly down the river, towing two other boats behind it, until he suddenly heard a man's voice ask:

❖ ❖ **To Enchanted Lands** ❖ ❖

"Hullo, kid! What makes you work so hard on Thanksgiving Day?"

Then he straightened up, to see the boat's captain standing near its pilot house, and shouting through a great trumpet.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," Ben answered in his piping voice.

"Can't hear you!" roared the captain. "Run home and get your horn, and talk to me."

Ben ran up the hill to Mrs. Ross's, and borrowed her trumpet, or megaphone. One's voice sounds much louder when these are used, and they are to be found at every house on the shore of the St. Mary's, for the people on the boats, and those on the land, often want to say, "How do you do?" to each other. It was all Ben could do to hold the great tin trumpet up straight, for it was nearly as long as he was.

"I'm waiting for dinner to cook," the boy shouted again, and this time the captain heard him.

"Going to have turkey, I suppose?" the captain asked.

"No, but we're going to have turkey stuffing," answered Ben with pride.

"Turkey stuffing, but no turkey! If that isn't the best I ever heard!" The captain had dropped his trumpet, and doubled up with sudden laughter. Luckily Ben did not hear. "What else are you going to have?" he called when he had repeated the joke about him. "Mince pie without any mince meat?"

"No, sir!" Ben's voice was shrill, but clear. "My father had mince pie for Thanksgiving dinner once, though."

"Did, did he?" The captain dropped his trumpet again.

"That boy's all right," he said to the first mate. "He's too plucky to be laughed at. I'm going to send him some turkey for his stuffing, Morgan. Tell the cook to get ready half a turkey and a mince pie, and say, Morgan, have him send up one of those small baskets of grapes. We'll tie them to a piece of plank, and they'll float ashore all right. Tell the cook to hurry, or we'll be too far downstream for the boy to get the things." Then he raised his trumpet again.

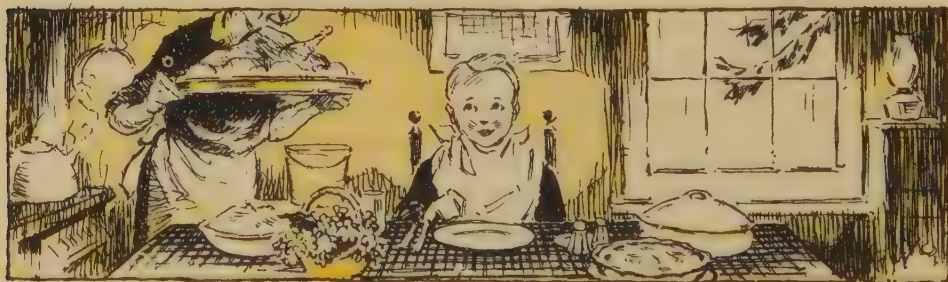
"Say, kid, can you row that boat that's tied to your dock?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, you hurry out into the river, and I'll put off a float with some things for your Thanksgiving dinner. You're going to have some turkey for that stuffing."

You may be sure Ben lost no time in pushing the rowboat off into the stream, where the end of a plank and its delicious load were seen bobbing up and down on the water. How he did smack his lips when he lifted them into the boat, and how pleased he was for grandma!

"First the stuffing, and then turkey! My, ain't I lucky?" He did not know that the captain had said he was plucky, and that luck is very apt to follow pluck in this world of ours.





THE KING'S SON

G. RUSSELL

THERE was once a great King who was named "The Good." He had one only son whom he loved very much.

The King often went hunting—for hunting is a royal sport, and it is indeed very merry when the horn sounds, the dogs bark, and the horses neigh. He was very fond of the hunt, yet it pained him to see the poor wounded animals.

One day the hunters chased a white hare, who, with its swift feet, saved itself from its pursuers, and took refuge in the arms of the King.

The King fondled the little hare, saying, "No harm shall come to you. In the King's arms you are safe!"

He took the hare into his castle, shut it into a room, and gave it the best of herbs and other food to eat, and then went to bed with the feeling that he had done a good deed. For is it not a good deed to shield a weak animal?

But what took place in the night? A bright light awoke the King. He looked up and saw a lovely woman standing before him. With a soft voice she said, "I am the Fairy True-lips. I was in the wood in which you hunted. I wished to try you, and so changed myself into a white hare. Then when the hunters chased me, I flew into your arms, and found that they had rightly given you the name of the 'Good King.' I thank you for your kindness, and say in return, 'Command, O King, how I shall serve you!' "

"Beautiful Fairy," said the Good King. "I need nothing; I have all that I want, for I am old; but I have a son—a fine strong son; be his friend."

"I will," said the Fairy; "what shall I give him? riches, honors, beauty, power? Choose."

"None of all those," said the King. "Make him the best of sovereigns. What good will riches, honors, beauty, power do him? What avails all the wealth of the world if he is unkind? Give him virtue, since virtue alone makes us happy!"

"You speak the truth," said the Fairy. "I can give him everything else, but not virtue. Only by his own will can a man get that. All I can promise is that I will watch over him, and stand by his side in his path through life."

This pleased the King, and when his time came to die he left the world with an easier mind. His son was his heir.

◆ ◆ To Enchanted Lands ◆ ◆

Two days after the death of the Good King, the Fairy True-lips stood before the new king. "I made a promise to your father, Prince," said she, "to be your friend; and to keep my word, I bring to you a present. Give me your finger: on it I place this ring. Keep it safely: it is of more worth than diamonds. Every time you are tempted to do an evil action, it will prick your finger. If you fail to remain good, you will lose my friendship."

After speaking these words, the Fairy True-lips at once went out of sight.

For a long time the King felt no prick from his ring; but, one day, when he was at the hunt, the stag got away from him, and he got very angry.

Then the ring pricked him.

After he had reached home, in his ill-temper he kicked his little dog to the other end of the room. Again the ring pricked him.

The King then became sulky, and seated himself in a corner. "What does the Fairy mean?" he asked; "am I not master over my own little dog? I, to whom the kingdom belongs! I think she means to mock me."

"No!" sounded the voice of the Fairy, "I do not mock you, but one fault leads to another. Why should your little dog suffer for your ill-humor? You are a king, and if kings are not self-controlled, kind, and good, their subjects can have no trust in them. Your father was called 'The Good,' and he was kind to men and beasts."

The son of the Good King had been a spoiled child, for the

❖ ❖ ❖ Book Trails ❖ ❖ ❖

King could seldom bear to deny him anything. So self-will had grown in him. His heart was good, but he often forgot himself, and let his passion break out, as the poor little animals knew to their cost.

He could not any longer bear the ring, which now so often told him of his faults, so he threw it away.

But one evening, as he was in his room, the earth shook, and the Fairy True-lips stood before him.

"I gave my word to your father that I would watch over you, but what can I do if you refuse to be warned?" said she. "You are like the lion in your wrath, the wolf in your greediness, the serpent in your falsehood, and the ox in your rudeness. To punish you I take from you the form of a man, but not the feelings of one. Become a lion!"

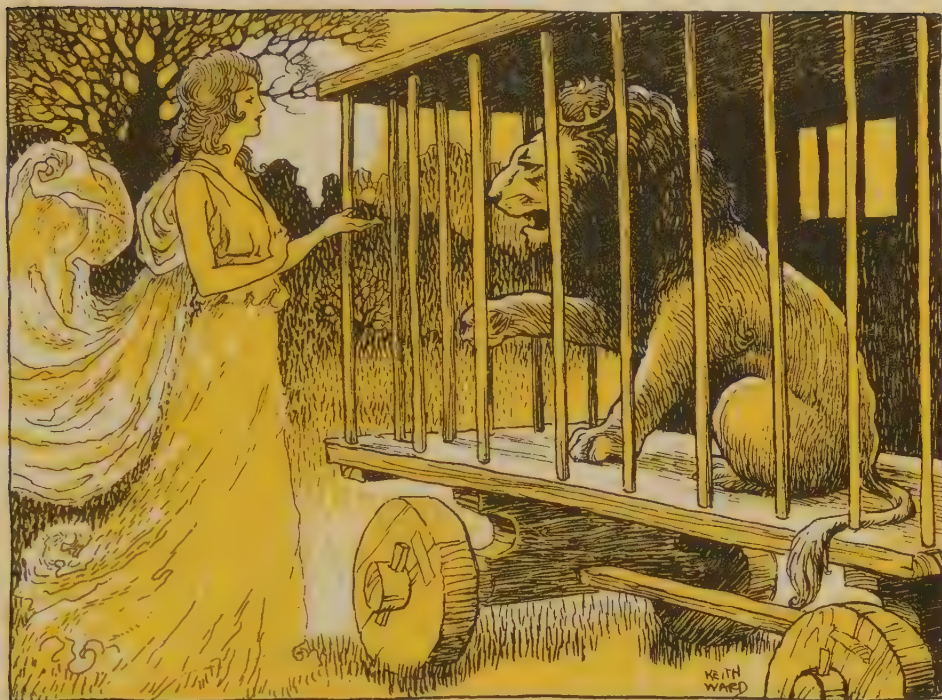
She so spoke and vanished; and the Prince at once found himself in a pit that had been dug to catch bears.

There a hunter came upon him, bound him, led him away, and sold him to a man who tamed wild beasts and made a show of them for the public.

Even as a lion, the Prince was ill-tempered and refused to obey orders. Blows, nothing but blows, hard words, heavy chains; these were what the Prince got for his misbehavior.

He was now very sorry for his former life. Soon he began to wish he could have another chance and he made up his mind to be much better behaved. Then, one moonlight night, he prayed the Fairy to come and change him again.

She heard his prayer and came. "For the sake of your father, the 'Good King,' I will give you another chance," she said.



“Return to the kingdom, and be good and then you will be beloved. But should I ever again find you in a cruel action, I shall turn you into an owl.”

The Fairy spoke thus—then vanished.

The Prince awoke the next morning in his royal bed, and how glad he was to feel himself a man again! After this he was very good, and never let a day pass without making sure that he had done his duty in his high state.

So the son of the “Good King” became worthy of his father, and gained for himself a name which was known and loved throughout the whole country over which he reigned.



THE SERPENT OF THE RAINBOW

A Shoshone Indian Legend

HAVE you ever looked up into the blue of the vaulted sky and thought how clear and blue it looks—just like clear ice? If you ask the men of the Shoshone tribe they will tell you that the great vault of the firmament is ice, and perhaps they will also tell you how the great serpent sometimes creeps across the dome of the skies. And here is the tale as it was told in the days of your great-grandfather, and as it would be told to you today if you were sitting beneath the flap of the tepee:

Many moons ago, when the world was young, there came a great drought upon the earth. All winter long it was cold and the piercing winds crept into the tepees, but no snow fell upon the earth; all summer the sun burned fiercely and the rain refused to fall. Men and animals thirsted and the plants bent to the ground in their weakness. At last all the tribes of red men gathered and sent up their prayers to the Great Spirit, begging that He and the Sky Serpent find the rain and send it down to aid His children.

Then the Great Spirit took pity on His children and sent the Sky Serpent to stretch himself across the sky. His bright body glittered as he arched himself until his back touched the icy firmament and with his shining scales scraped its face and caused the ice-dust to fall upon the earth. As it descended the dust



turned to rain and watered all the land, so that the plants raised their heads and the animals and men took long, thirsty drinks of the rising brooks and rivers, and were refreshed.

And ever since that day, the Sky Serpent has sent rain in the summer and snow in winter to keep the earth moist and the streams fed. If you look into the sky after a shower after the clouds are gone, you may see him curved above the earth, shining with many colors in the bright sunlight.



WONDERING TOM

MARY MAPES DODGE

LONG, long ago, in a great city whose name is forgotten, situated on a river that ran dry in the days of Cinderella, there lived a certain boy, the only son of a poor widow. He had such a fine form and pleasant face that one day, as he loitered on his mother's doorstep, the King stopped on the street to look at him.

"Who is that boy?" asked his Majesty of his Prime Minister.

This question brought the royal procession to a standstill.

The Prime Minister did not know, so he asked the Lord of the Exchequer. The Lord of the Exchequer asked the High Chamberlain; the High Chamberlain asked the Master of the Horse; the Master of the Horse asked the Court Physician; the Court Physician asked the Royal Rat-Catcher; the Royal Rat-Catcher asked the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer; and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a little girl named Wisk.

Little Wisk, with a pretty courtesy, informed him that the boy's name was Wondering Tom.

From *The Land of Pluck*. New York: The Century Co.

❖ ❖ **To Enchanted Lands** ❖ ❖

"So, ho!" said the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, telling the Royal Rat-Catcher. "So, ho!" said the Royal Rat-Catcher, passing on the news; and it traveled in that way until, finally, the Prime Minister, bowing low to the King, said:

"May it please your most tremendous Majesty, it's Wondering Tom."

"Tell him to come here!" said the King to the Prime Minister. "His Majesty commands him to come here!" was repeated to the next in rank; and again his words traveled through the Lord of the Exchequer, the High Chamberlain, the Master of the Horse, the Court Physician, the Royal Rat-Catcher, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, until they reached little Wisk, who called out:

"Oh, Tom! the King wishes to speak with you."

"With me!" exclaimed Tom, never budging. "Why?"

"I don't know," returned little Wisk, "but you must go at once."

"Why?" cried Tom.

"Oh, Tom! Tom! they're going to kill you," she cried, in an agony.

"Why? What for?" shouted Tom, staring in the wildest astonishment.

Surely enough, the Master of Ceremonies had ordered forth an executioner with a bowstring. In that city, any man, woman, or child who disregarded the King's slightest wish was instantly put to death.

The man approached Tom. Another second, and the bowstring would have done its work; but the King held up his royal



hand in token of pardon, and beckoned Tom to draw near.

"Whatever in all this world can his Majesty want with me?" pondered the bewildered boy, moving very slowly toward the monarch.

"Well, sir!" said his Majesty, scowling. "So you are here at last! Why do they call you Wondering Tom?"

"Me, your Majesty?" faltered Tom. "I—I—don't know."

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"You don't know? (Most remarkable boy, this!) And what were you doing, sir, when we sent for you?"

"Nothing, your Majesty. I was only wondering whether—"

"Ah, I see. You take your life out in wondering. A fine, strong fellow like you has no right to be idling in his mother's doorway. A pretty kingdom we should have if all our subjects were like this! You may go.

"He has a good face," continued the King, turning to the Prime Minister, "but he'll never amount to anything."

"Ah, exactly so," said the Prime Minister. "Exactly so," echoed the Lord of the Exchequer, and "Exactly so," sighed the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer at last, as the royal procession passed on.

Tom heard it all.

"Now, how do they know that?" he muttered, scratching his head as he lounged back to the doorstep. "Why in the world do they think I'll never amount to anything?"

In the doorway he fell to thinking of little Wisk.

"What a very nice girl she is! I wonder if she'd play with me if I asked her—but I can't ask her. I do wonder what makes me so afraid to talk to Wisk!"

Meantime, little Wisk, who lived in the next house, watched him shyly.

"Tom!" she called out at last, swaying herself lithely round and round her wooden doorpost, "the blackberries are ripe."

"You don't say so!" exclaimed Tom, in surprise.

"Yes, I do. And, Tom, there are bushels of them in the woods just outside of the city gates."

"Oh!" answered Tom, "I wonder if there are!"

"I know it," said little Wisk, decidedly, "and I'm going to get some."

"Dear me!" thought Tom, "I wonder if she'd like to have me go with her. Wisk!"

"What, Tom?"

"Oh, nothing," said the frightened fellow, suddenly changing his mind, "I was only wondering whether it is going to rain or not."

"Rain? Of course not," laughed little Wisk, as she ran off to join a group of children going toward the north city-gate; "but even if it should rain, what matter?"

"Oh," thought Tom, "she's really gone for blackberries! I wondered what she had that little kettle on her arm for. Pshaw! Why didn't I tell her that I'd like to go too?"

Just then his mother came to the door, clapping a wet ruffle between her hands.

"Tom, Tom! why don't you set about something! There's plenty to do, in doors and out, if you'd only think so."

"Yes, ma'am," said Tom, wondering whether or not he was going to have a scolding.

"But you look pale, my pet; go and play. Do. One doesn't often have such a perfect day as this (and such splendid drying, too!). If I were you, I'd make the most of it"; and the mother went back into the bare entry.

"I do wonder how I can make the most of it," asked Tom of himself, over and over again, as he sauntered off.

He didn't dare to go toward the north gate of the city, because

he couldn't decide what he should say if he should meet little Wisk; so he turned toward the south.

"Shall I go back, I wonder, or keep on?" thought Tom, as he found himself going farther from the doorstep and nearer to the great city wall, until at last the southern gate was reached. Following the dusty highway leading from the city, he came to pleasant fields. Then, after wading awhile through the sunlit grain, he followed a shady brook and entered the wood.

"It's pleasant here," he thought. "I wonder why mother didn't get a cottage out here in the country instead of living in the noisy city."

"Couldn't," croaked a voice close by.

Tom started. There was nobody near but frogs and crickets. Besides, as he had not spoken aloud, of course it could not be in answer to him. Still, he wondered what in the world the voice could be, and why it sounded like "couldn't."

"It certainly did sound so. Maybe she couldn't, after all," thought Tom; "but why couldn't she, I wonder?"

"No-one-to-help," said something, as it jumped with a splash into the water.

"I do wonder what that was!" exclaimed Tom, aloud; "there's nobody here, that's certain. Oh, it must have been a toad! Queer, though, how very much it sounded like 'no-one-to-help'! Poor mother! I don't help her much, I know. Pshaw! what if I do love her, I'm not the least bit of use, for I never know what to start about doing. What in all botheration makes me so lazy! Heigh-ho!" and Tom threw himself upon the grass, an image of despair. "'He'll never amount to anything,' the King

said. Now, what did he mean by that?" Tom asked himself.

"Dilly, dally!" said another mysterious voice, speaking far up among the branches overhead.

Tom was getting used to it. He just lifted his eyebrows a little and wondered what bird that was. In a moment he found himself puzzling over the strange words.

"'Dilly, dally,' it said, I declare. Oh dear! It's too bad to have to hear such things all the time. And then, there's the King's ugly speech; a fellow isn't going to stand everything!"

He rested his elbows upon his knees, holding his face between his hands; and, although he felt very wretched, he couldn't help wondering whether the daisies crowding in his shadow didn't think it was growing late. They certainly nodded as if they felt sleepy.

Suddenly his hat, which had tumbled from his head and now lay near him, began to twitch strangely.

"Pshaw!" almost sobbed Tom, "what's coming now, I wonder?"

"I am," said a piping voice.

"Where are you?" he asked, trembling.

"Here. Under your hat. Lift it off."

While Tom was wondering whether to obey or not, the hat fell over, and out came a fairy, all shining with green and gold—a funny little creature with a sprightly air. Her eyes sparkled like diamonds.

"What troubles you, Master Tom?" asked the fairy.

"So she knows my name!" thought the puzzled youth; "Well, that's queerer than anything! I've always heard that these

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woods were full of fairies; but I never saw one before. I wonder why I'm not more frightened."

"Did you hear me?" piped the little visitor.

"Did you speak? Oh—yes—ma'am—certainly, I heard plainly enough."

"Well, what troubles you?"

He looked sharply at the fairy. Yes, her little face was kind. He would tell her all.

"I wonder what your name is?" he said, by way of a beginning.

"It's Setalit," said the fairy. "In mortal language that means 'come-to-the-point.' Now be quick!—if you can. I shan't stay long."

"Why?" asked Tom, quite astonished.

"Because I cannot. That's enough. If you wish me to help you, you must promptly tell me your trouble."

"Oh!" said Tom, wondering where to begin.

"Are you lame? Are you sick? Are you blind, deaf, or dumb?" she asked, briskly.

"Oh, no," he replied, "nothing like that. Only I don't know what to make of things. Everything in this world puzzles me so, and I can't ever make up my mind what to do."

"Well," said Setalit, "perhaps I can help you a little."

"Can you?" he exclaimed. "Now I wonder how in the world such a little mite as you ever—"

"Don't wonder so much," squeaked the fairy, impatiently, "but ask me frankly what I can do?"

"I'm going to," said Tom.

"Going to!" she echoed. "What miserable creatures you

mortals are! How could we ever get our gossamers spun if we always were going to do a thing, and never doing it! Now listen. I'm a very wise fairy, if I am small; I can tell you how to accomplish anything you please. Don't you want to be good, famous and rich?"

"Certainly I do," answered Tom, startled into making a prompt reply.

"Very well," she responded, quite pleased. "If you always knew your own mind as decidedly as that, they wouldn't call you 'Wondering Tom.' It's an ugly name, Master Mortal. If I were you (may Titania pardon the dreadful supposition!)—if I were you, I'd wonder less and work more."

"I wonder if I couldn't!" said Tom, half convinced.

"There you go again!" screeched the fairy, stamping her tiny foot. "You're not worth talking to. I shall leave you."

"She's fading away," cried Tom. "O fairy, good fairy, please come back! You promised to tell me how to become good and famous and rich!"

Once more she stood before him, looking brighter and fresher than ever.

"You're a noisy mortal," she said, nodding pleasantly at Tom. "I thought for an instant that it was thundering, but it was only you, calling. I've a very little while to stay, but you shall have one more chance of obtaining everything you wish. Now, sir, be careful! I'll answer you any three questions you may choose to put to me"; and Setalit sat down on a toadstool, and looked very profound.

"Only three?" asked Tom, anxiously, gazing at the fairy.

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"Only three," came the prompt reply.

"Why can't you give me a dozen? There's much that one wishes to know in this world."

"Because I cannot," said the fairy, firmly.

"But it's so hard to put everything into such a few questions! I don't know what in the world to decide upon. What do you think I ought to ask?"

"Consult the dearest wishes of your heart," answered Setalit, "for there is the truest wisdom."

"Ah, well. Let me think," pursued Tom, with great deliberation. "I want to be wise, of course, and good, and very rich—and I want mother to be the same—and, good fairy, if you wouldn't mind it, little Wisk to be the same too. And dear me!—it's hard to put everything into such a few questions. Let me see. First, I suppose I ought to learn how to become immensely rich, right off, and then I can give mother and Wisk everything they want; so, good Setalit, here's my first question, How can I grow rich, very rich, in—in one week?"

The fairy shook her head.

"I would answer you, Master Tom, with great pleasure," she said, "but this is number FOUR. You have already asked your three questions." And she turned into a green frog and jumped away, chuckling.

Tom rubbed his eyes and sat up straight. Had he been dreaming?

"I'm a fool!" he cried.

All the trees nodded, and their branches seemed to be having great fun among themselves.

"A big fool!" he insisted, speaking aloud to himself.

The leaves fairly tittered.

"Didn't old Katy, the apple woman, call me a goose only this morning?" he continued, growing very angry with himself.

"Katy did," assented a voice from among the bushes.

"Katy didn't!" contradicted another.

"Katy did!"

"Katy didn't!"

Tom laughed bitterly.

"Ha! ha! Fight it out among yourselves, old fellows, I may have been asleep; but, anyhow, I've been a fool!"

"Ooo—!" echoed a solemn voice above him.

Tom looked up, and in the hollow of an old tree he saw a great blinking owl.

"Hello, old Goggle-eyes! You're having something to say, too, are you?"

The owl shifted his position, and stared at Tom an instant. Then, as if the sight of so ridiculous a fellow was too much for him, he shut his eyes with a loud "T'whit!" that made Tom jump.

All these things set the poor boy to thinking in earnest. The words of Setalit were ringing in his ears, "*If I were you, I'd wonder less and work more.*" Going back through the wood across the brook, and over the lots, he pondered and pondered over the day's events, but with new resolution in his soul. And the result of all his pondering was that, as he entered the city gate, he snapped his fingers, saying, "The King's words shall never come true! Wondering Tom is going to work at last!"



YEARS passed on. One day, the King and his court came riding down that same city again. Suddenly his Majesty, grown older now, halted before a boat-builder's shop and asked:

"Who is that busy fellow, yonder?"

"Where, your most prodigal Majesty?" asked the Prime Minister in return.

"In the shop. Yesterday this same young fellow and his man

were busy out on the docks. He works with a will, that fellow. I must set him at the royal ships."

"The royal ships!" echoed the Prime Minister, "your most overwhelming Majesty; why, that is a fortune for any man!"

"I know it. Why not?" said the King. "What is his name?"

The Prime Minister could not say. And again, as on that day long before, the question traveled through the grandees of the court, until it reached the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer, and the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer asked a pretty woman named Wisk, who chanced to be coming out of the shop.

"He's a master builder," replied Wisk, blushing.

"But what's his name?" repeated the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer.

"He used to be called Wondering Tom," she answered, "but now we all call him by his real name, Thomas Reddy."

"Thomas Reddy!" shouted the Chief-Cook-and-Bottle-Washer. "Thomas Reddy!" cried the Royal Rat-Catcher.

And, in fact, "Thomas Reddy!" was called so often and so loudly along the line before it reached the only officer who could venture to speak to the King, that the master builder, with a keen eye to business, threw down his tools and came out of the shop.

"Oh, Tom! Again the King wishes to speak with you," said little Wisk.

They took each other by the hand, and together walked toward his Majesty.

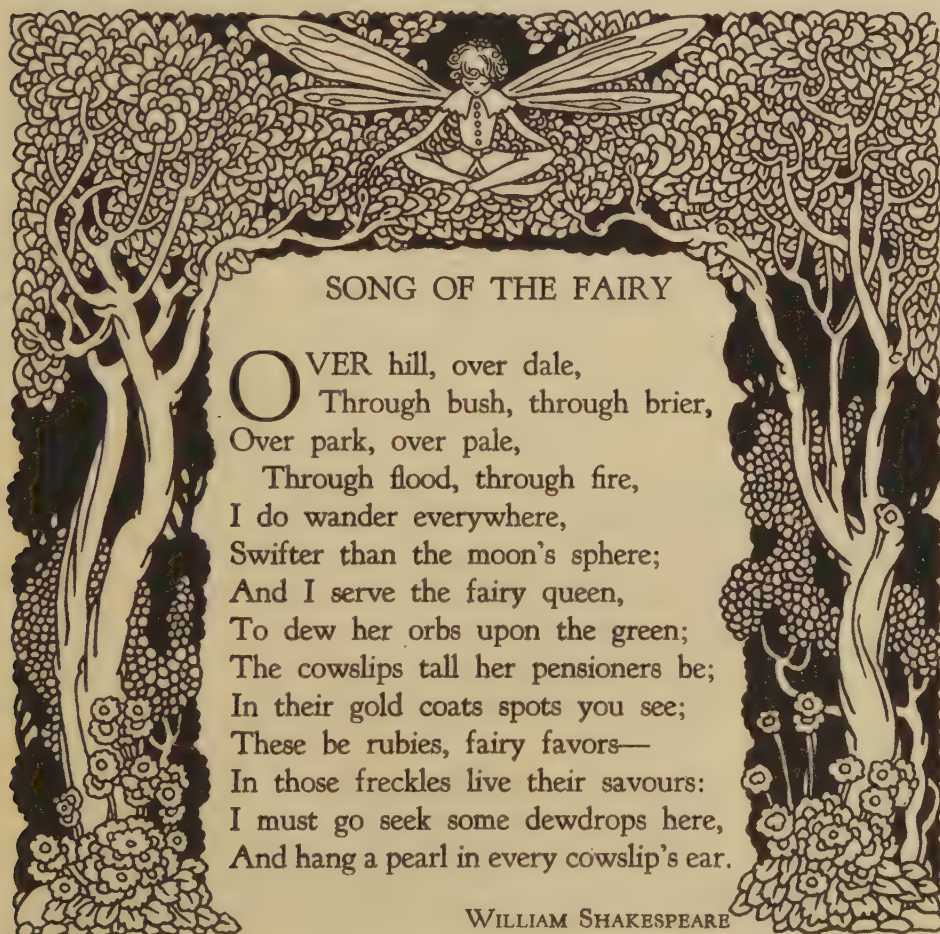
"Behold!" said the King, "we have found the finest young workman in our realms! Let preparation be made at once for

proclaiming him Royal Shipbuilder! What do they call you, young man? I've lost the name."

"Thomas Reddy, your Majesty," he answered, his eye sparkling with grateful joy.

"And who are you, my pretty one?"

"Oh, I'm his wife," said the smiling Wisk.



TO THINK!

TO THINK I once saw grocery shops
With but a casual eye
And fingered figs and apricots
As one who came to buy.

To think I never dreamed of how
Bananas sway in rain
And often looked at oranges
And never thought of Spain.

And in those wasted days I saw
No sails above the tea,
For grocery shops were grocery shops—
Not hemispheres to me.

ELIZABETH COATSWORTH



By permission of the author



THE RED BUOY

DIKKEN ZWILGMAYER

ANYONE would be sick of it! thought Johnny Blossom. He couldn't even appear in the street without people rushing to him to question and pry as to how it had happened, and how he had felt that time he lay out on the red buoy and they all thought at home that he was drowned. He was completely sick of it.

Even the minister had stopped him and questioned and quizzed like the rest; and when he had finished, he hit Johnny Blossom on the back with his cane (not hard, you know) and said, "You surely are a little rascal, Johnny Blossom!"

Indeed he wasn't a rascal. The whole thing had just happened of itself. It was no plan of his, but it was just as unlucky as if it had been.

The new postmaster's sons were at the bottom of it, really. Such pipestems from Christiania don't know anything anyway—and they get scared so easily! That's why they lose their

From Johnny Blossom, by Dikken Zwilgmeyer. Translated from the Norwegian by Emilie Poulsson. Copyright The Pilgrim Press, Boston. Used by permission.

wits when they get into trouble. No one would believe how silly they were! Still, they were good-natured and ready to join in anything, so they were jolly enough playfellows after all.

Early one afternoon the three boys, Olaf, Herman, and Johnny, had a great desire to go rowing. They peered everywhere around the wharf for a boat that they could use. Not a sign of one was to be seen; not a boat of any kind—to say nothing of one that they could borrow in such a hurry. So they went around to the Custom House wharf. True as you live, there lay a dory, with oars and everything, right down at the foot of the little steps. They wouldn't have dared to think of taking the boat if it had been at the big Custom House steps, but since it was at the little steps near the warehouse, it was probably not a Custom House boat at all. Johnny Blossom, for his part, was quite sure it was not.

"Well, we'll take her," said Olaf.

It was a fine little boat. Johnny was captain and commanded grandly, giving many orders to the postmaster's sons—those silly pipestems from Christiania, who did not know anything.

Oh! there was the big English coal steamer that had been lying at the wharf several days unloading coal. Too bad that he had not had a chance to go on board that steamer! He had tried to go a number of times, but there was always one or another grimy sailor who chased him ashore. Ugh! Englishmen were horrid! The steamer was unloaded now and would surely sail tonight.

Farther out rowed the boys. Johnny Blossom boasted of the ships that sailed from the town, of the sea, and of the church

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tower that was the highest in Scandinavia, and the postmaster's boys boasted of the wonders of Christiania; and everything was very jolly indeed. They rowed past the big red buoy that lay farthest out—the buoy that is like an immense red pear floating and rocking on the water.

"Would you dare sit up on the big red pear?" asked Olaf.

"Pooh! That's nothing to do," said Johnny Blossom.

"Yes, but sit there alone while we row away?" said Olaf.

"You shall soon see whether I dare or not," returned Johnny.

They rowed to the buoy and he climbed out upon it.

"Now row away, row as far away as you like. It is perfectly glorious sitting here!"

Olaf and Herman plied the oars as hard as they could, while Johnny Blossom sat proudly erect upon the "red pear." He had never thought of its being possible for anyone to sit here. Just think, only water far and wide around him! Yet here he sat entirely at his ease, could sit here just the same if a storm should blow up—that would be a small matter for Johnny Blossom. Now that the boys were away off behind the big coal steamer, any one might wonder how much farther they meant to row.

The wind began to blow and the pear rocked up and down. It was queer the way there came a whack from the sea against the buoy with every wave. The pear rocked more and more. My! oh, my! how the sea hit against it now! Almost hard enough to send the spray away up to him. What had become of those silly postmaster's boys? He could see nothing of the boat anywhere. It was probably behind the wharf. Not a



person was to be seen on the wharf now, either. It was so late that everyone had gone home.

Johnny Blossom shouted, "Olaf! Herman!" No answer, only the sea's pounding. A big wave dashed over his legs, and the pear rocked and plunged frightfully.

All at once Johnny Blossom was afraid. Not a little afraid, but overwhelmed with great fear. Here he was alone out in the midst of the wide waters, with no one to see him, no one to hear him, and no one to help him. A great wave struck against the buoy, leaving his stockings dripping wet up to the knees.

"Oh, Mother! Mother!" screamed Johnny in terror.

Another wave came—a stronger one—and dashed even higher. He would be safer, perhaps, if he lay on his stomach



and stuck his arms through the big ring that they fastened the ship's ropes to.

Oh, if he were only at home! Oh, those wicked postmaster's boys who had rowed away and left him! They should get their pay when—but suppose he should die now! “Our Father which art in heaven.” Johnny Blossom, with eyes closed, said the whole of the Lord's Prayer as he lay on his stomach on the red buoy. Now surely God would help him.

The buoy swayed and dipped and the wind howled. Suddenly he heard a different sound and turned swiftly to look. There was a boat right off there. Oh, if only!—

It was some Englishmen from the big coal steamer, and they were rowing straight toward the buoy, talking fast. Pshaw! how stupid it is when people talk English. Without waiting

to say, "By your leave," they took Johnny Blossom from the buoy, put him into their boat, and rowed directly to the steamship. One of the sailors scooped up some salt water in his hand and splashed it over Johnny Blossom's tear-streaked face and laughed. Then Johnny laughed, too.

If it were only German the men spoke! He had studied German for a half year now and could have managed with that language pretty well, he thought.

Here they were alongside the steamer. Well, Johnny Blossom hadn't the least objection. How Olaf and Herman would envy him, that he should go on board the big ship after all! The steamer was full of sailors who talked and laughed and tumbled him about in rough play till Johnny Blossom bubbled over with merry laughter that rang through the whole ship.

Soon a man took him to the upper deck to the stout, ruddy captain whom Johnny Blossom knew from having seen him on the street in the town. He pinched Johnny's ear and said a great many funny words to him, just as the other Englishmen had. Johnny pointed to the red buoy and shook his head for "No," and pointed toward the town and nodded for "Yes." With this he felt sure that the captain must know how the matter stood.

An oldish-looking man wished Johnny to go below with him, and naturally Johnny did not need to be asked twice, even by signs! It was wonderful down there. He had never imagined there could be anything so fine on the dirty coal steamer; and just think! some crackers were brought out, and then if that funny man didn't set a whole jar of preserves before him, too,

and give him a spoon! My, oh, my! Mother ought to see him, now, eating with a big spoon right from the preserve jar!

Johnny Blossom ate plentifully, while the strange man sat opposite with elbows on the table, looking at him and smiling. Suddenly the man took out a leather case and from it a photograph, which he handed across the table to Johnny. It showed two boys about Johnny's age. The man pointed to the boys and then to himself and smiled again, and Johnny understood that these were his boys.

How curious to think that this man had two boys and that they were English! He certainly was very fond of them—this queer man with the gray beard. Now he put the photograph into the case again and into his pocket, slapped his breast and smiled. Englishmen were certainly odd, thought Johnny. And those boys—just boys like himself—could speak English without studying it. Think of that!

The man then showed Johnny over the whole steamer. Above one of the hammocks hung a picture of the same two boys; and when they came to this, the man laughed again and laid his hand upon his heart.

Then he gave Johnny a whistle—a regular boatswain's whistle. He put it right into Johnny's pocket, and of course that meant that he wanted to give it to him. So Johnny Blossom shook hands with him and bowed his thanks. Ah! this would be something to show to the boys at school. How he would blow and play on it.

How awfully good to him this man was! Johnny would like to ask him to take his greeting to those two boys. So Johnny

pointed to the picture over the hammock, then to himself, and then far out over the sea, with his little arm stretched at full length. There! the man must surely understand anything as plain as that.

At this moment one of the sailors came to take Johnny Blossom up on deck again, for the rowboat was going to the shore and Johnny was to go in it. He shook hands with all the sailors and bowed and said "Thank you." When he was in the rowboat, the ship's deck was full of grimy-faced men, who stretched over the railing to look down at him.

Johnny Blossom swung his cap, then suddenly remembering his whistle, took that out and blew it hard. Then he laughed heartily and blew it once more. All the black faces up at the railing laughed also. After this farewell the boat was rowed to the shore, and Johnny Blossom was soon running up the street.

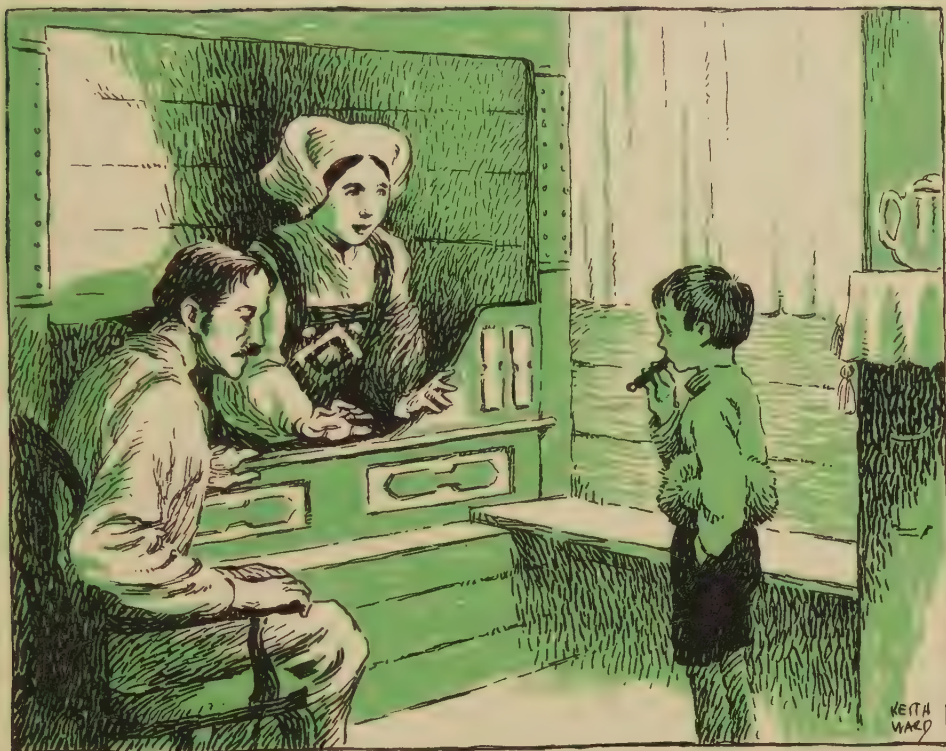
Then began all the hue and cry. First, Squire Levorson stopped him. "What in the world! Is this you? They are saying all over town that you are at the bottom of the sea."

"Far from it," answered Johnny Blossom, somewhat offended.

Next it was the telegraph operator, Mr. Nilsen. "Well, I must say! If here isn't the person everyone is talking about—and as large as life!"

Pshaw! how silly people were! And now came Olea, the cook from his own home, weeping and wailing aloud. When she saw him she was ready to drop with astonishment. "Oh, you angel John! Are you risen from the dead? They brought us word that you were drowned."

"Not a bit," said John. "It was the fault of the postmaster's



boys entirely. See what I've got." And Johnny Blossom took his English boatswain's whistle out and blew it, with beaming face.

No one was in the sitting room at home, nor in the library; but from Mother's room there came a sound as of some one crying. Johnny Blossom tramped in. There lay Mother on the couch, and Father sat by her side, and they were both sobbing as hard as they could.

"John!" screamed Mother, starting up. "Oh, Johnny! my boy, my boy! Is it really you?"

"Thought I was drowned, did you?" said Johnny Blossom loftily. "It never entered my head till afterwards that anyone could get drowned sitting on the big red pear, you know. Mother, see here."

A frightfully piercing whistle resounded in the little room.

"Would you like to hear it again?" asked Johnny, radiant.

"No, no!" said Mother, with hands on both ears.

Just then Father grabbed John by the shoulder. Ugh! It was horrid when Father took hold that way, for it usually meant a whipping.

"Do you know what you deserve?" asked Father. Not a sound in reply. "You shall escape this time," continued Father. "I think you will remember your Mother's tears now better than a whipping; but another time—do you hear?"

"Yes." Johnny stared at his mother's tear-stained face.

"The postmaster and his boys came here and said that you had climbed upon the buoy farthest out. The boys had rowed back toward shore just for fun, but they met a man in a rowboat who nabbed them because they had taken the Custom House boat. The boys didn't say anything to him about you, sitting out there on the buoy"—

"There! Now you can see how stupid they are," interrupted Johnny Blossom.

"They ran home, crying, and told that you were out on the 'red pear'; but when the postmaster had got a boat and rowed out you were gone."

"I was on board the coal steamer—that's where I was. His name is Hobborn, Mother, and just listen! He set a big jar of

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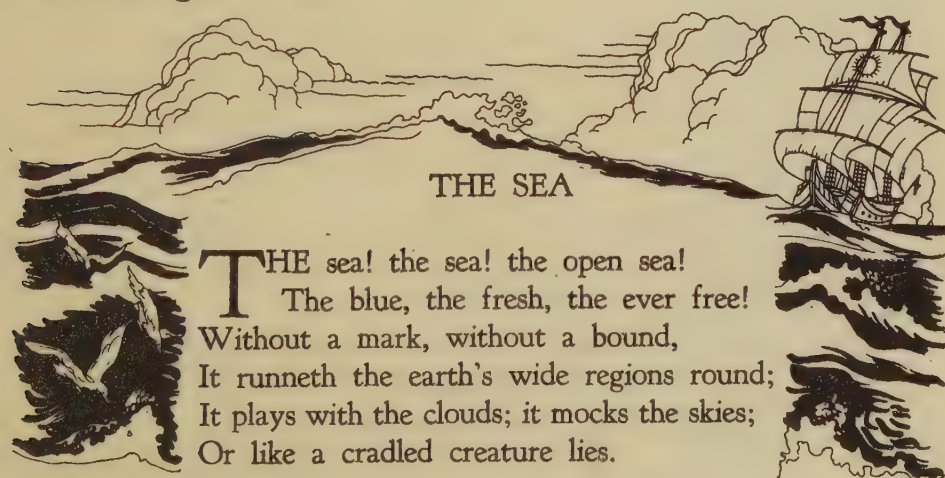
preserves before me—I think it was raspberries—and I ate a lot, and then he gave me this whistle. Now I'll blow it." An ear-splitting blast followed.

Mother hugged him to her and kissed him. "But that was a horrible present, John," she said, pointing to the whistle.

"Far from it," said John, "for now I need never be in danger any more if I just whistle. If I had had this when I lay out on the red pear, no one would ever have imagined I was drowned. A very useful present, it seems to me, and delightful."

"I can scarcely call it delightful," said Mother. All the rest of that afternoon, the sound of whistling, incessant and penetrating, filled the pine grove. Blowing the English whistle in the house at any time was strictly forbidden.

In Johnny Blossom's opinion, after his experience on the coal steamer, Englishmen were the most delightful people on the face of the globe.



BARRY CORNWALL

THE DAIRYMAN



WHEN summer's heat has reached its height,
 And o'er the ground the air's a-quiver,
 When lemonade is our delight,
 And cows stand knee-deep in the river—
 The dairy even then is cool
 As any darksome fern-fringed pool.

Though Father Sun would love to play
 Among those shallow, brick-red dishes,
 For once he fails to have his way,
 The dairyman defies his wishes.
 Both door and shaded windows cry,
 "No ray of sunshine need apply."

The sun is not the only foe
 To milk and cheese and cream and butter:
 A certain quadruped I know,
 Who sets canaries in a flutter,
 Has also to be watched with care.
 "Hi! turn that pussy out of there!"

Both sun and puss may interfere
 At ordinary times with pleasure;
 But when the strawberries are here
 We want sweet cream and fullest measure.
 Then urge your cows, O! dairyman,
 To do, in June, the best they can!

E. V. LUCAS

From *Four and Twenty Toilers*. New York: McDevitt-Wilson's, Inc.



THE CABBAGE STALK¹

From the Portuguese of Consiglieri Pedroso

NOT far from where the Douro rolls its course seaward, there once lived a little Portuguese maiden, the daughter of a poor farmer. One summer she begged her father to give her a small plot of ground for a kitchen garden, but all he could spare her was a bit of ground so poor that nothing would grow there except one large cabbage. This little Sevilla tended most carefully, giving it water each day.

The season was cold and most of the crops were poor, so that both Sevilla and her father watched the big cabbage, hoping it would provide at least one good meal. One day, when the little girl was looking at her cabbage, she noticed that the stalk formed a ladder by which it was possible to descend into the ground. Astonished and a little afraid, her curiosity drew her to try this ladder, and soon she found herself in a splendid palace. As she wandered from one place to another she saw nobody, but

¹This unusual Portuguese tale has a theme similar to the Greek story of Eros and Psyche; to the Norse "East of the Sun and West of the Moon," and the old English tale, "The Black Bull of Norroway."

in one room there was a comfortable-looking bed with snow-white coverlets and in another room stood a table spread with dainties such as Sevilla had never before seen.

After looking about again and being sure there was nobody whose permission she could ask, the hungry girl at last seated herself and enjoyed the feast. When she had finished she climbed up the cabbage stalk again and went home. After that whenever she felt hungry she went down the cabbage stalk and found a feast awaiting her. Soon she began to grow plump, much to the surprise of her parents who had begun to worry because she ate scarcely anything, so far as they knew. At night, after her parents were asleep, Sevilla got up from her hard little bed and went down the cabbage stalk to sleep between the down covers of the little white bed.

At last one night the mother heard her daughter moving about in her room, and followed her when she went out and down the cabbage stalk. The mother carried a lighted candle in her hand, and when she reached the palace she found her daughter asleep in the bed and, curled on the floor at its foot, fast asleep also, lay a terrible-looking beast. In her fright the woman stumbled, and three drops of tallow fell from the candle upon the sleeping beast. Immediately it became transformed into a handsome young prince.

The prince looked sadly at Sevilla, who had awakened, and at her mother, and said: "You little know what harm you have done me! You have broken my spell before its rightful time of ending. Now I must away to have cured the three burns you have inflicted upon me."

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Then he told Sevilla to leave the palace, and he gave her a new cloak, a pair of iron shoes, and a staff, and begged that when the shoes were worn out she would come to see him again. Sevilla and her mother then left the palace, and scarcely had they climbed the cabbage stalk than the ladder disappeared. The mother went back to the cottage, but Sevilla set out and walked and walked until the shoes began to wear out, and she went about begging for alms.

At last one evening she came to the home of an old woman, who invited her to spend the night. As Sevilla helped the old crone prepare the supper, she told her story.

"Yes," said the old woman, "I have heard of you and your prince, but I fear there is no use in going back to him, for there is now in the palace a princess who is to be his bride."

Then Sevilla was sad and wept, so that the old woman felt sorry for her and gave her a rock of gold, a gold spinning wheel, and a gold reel. Next morning she wished the girl good luck and sent her on her way.

Sevilla traveled many weary hours, and at last she arrived at the palace gate with her shoes worn and garments all torn, and begged for alms. The princess, looking out of her window, saw the rock of gold that Sevilla carried. She sent one of her maids to ask what the beggar girl would take for it.

"Neither food nor jewels will I take for it," she answered, "but if I may be allowed to spend one night in the prince's room, the gold rock shall be yours."

The princess would not consent, but the prince's mother told her to allow the girl to sleep at the prince's feet, for they could

give him a sleeping-draught so that he would not know anyone was there.

And so it happened that Sevilla was allowed to go into the prince's room without the prince knowing it. Then, when all the house was still, she began to sing:

Many leagues have I traveled, Prince, to thee,
My shoes and clothes in tatters be;
Travel-worn is my staff; weary I be,
Yet here am I come back to thee.

But the prince never stirred in his sleep, and when dawn came the princess had her servants drive Sevilla forth. Once outside the palace, the little maid set to work with her gold spinning wheel. The princess, looking out, saw her and sent to ask what she would take for the wheel.

"Neither food nor jewels will I take for it," she answered.



"But if again I be allowed to sleep a night in the prince's room, the wheel is yours."

The princess consented, and again the prince was given a sleeping potion, so that although Sevilla sang and spoke to him all night long, he could not be roused. With daybreak came the servants of the princess and drove her forth again. But the



prince's valet who had spent the night in the next room told the prince of the words he had heard spoken and sung during the night. Much astonished, the prince readily took his valet's advice not to drink from the goblet that the princess offered him each night before he retired to his own suite of rooms.

That day the princess saw Sevilla at work with her golden

reel, and again she made the same bargain with the girl in order to obtain the reel.

When night came the prince managed to stand near an open window when the princess brought him the golden goblet, and he quickly threw its contents into the garden when nobody was looking. Then he went to his room and pretended to sleep. Soon Sevilla entered, and kneeling by the bed began singing:

Many leagues have I traveled, Prince, to thee,
My shoes and clothing in tatters be;
Travel-worn is my staff; weary I be,
Yet here am I come back to thee.

The moment the prince heard her he was very happy that he had found Sevilla again. But he was worried also, for he was pledged to the princess. So when morning came he hid Sevilla and went to seek out the father of the princess.

"I beg of you," he said, "answer me this matter that troubles me. My apartment has two keys. The first was mislaid and lost, but I ever had hopes of finding it. At last I ordered a new key made. Now I have the new key, the old one has reappeared. Which ought I to keep?"

The old king advised him to retain the old one, whereupon the prince told the king the whole story of the little maid, and reminded him at the same time that it was *he* who had given the sentence. So the princess and her father went back to their kingdom, where, in good time, another husband was found for the princess. But the prince married Sevilla and for many years they ruled his land together.



THE SHEPHERD'S NOSEGAY

PARKER FILLMORE

THERE was once a king who had a beautiful daughter. When it was time for her to get a husband, the king set a day and invited all the neighboring princes to come and see her.

One of these princes decided that he would like to have a look at the princess before the others. So he dressed himself in a shepherd's costume: a broad-brimmed hat, a blue smock, a green vest, tight breeches to the knees, thick woolen stockings, and sandals. Thus disguised he set out for the kingdom where the princess lived. All he took with him were four loaves of bread to eat on the way.

He hadn't gone far before he met a beggar who begged him, in God's name, for a piece of bread. The prince at once gave him one of the four loaves. A little farther on a second beggar held out his hand and begged for a piece of bread. To him

From *The Shoemaker's Apron*, retold by Parker Fillmore. Copyright 1920, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.



the prince gave the second loaf. To a third beggar he gave the third loaf and to a fourth beggar the last loaf.

The fourth beggar said to him:

"Prince in shepherd's guise, your charity will not go unrewarded. Here are four gifts for you, one for each of the loaves of bread that you have given away this day. Take this whip which has the power of killing any one it strikes, however

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gentle the blow. Take this beggar's wallet. It has in it some bread and cheese, but not common bread and cheese for, no matter how much of it you eat, there will always be some left. Take this shepherd's ax. If ever you have to leave your sheep alone, plant it in the earth, and the sheep, instead of straying, will graze around it. Last, here is a shepherd's pipe. When you blow upon it your sheep will dance and play. Farewell and good luck go with you."

The prince thanked the beggar for his gifts, and then trudged on to the kingdom where the beautiful princess lived. He presented himself at the palace as a shepherd in quest of work and he told them his name was Yan. The king liked his appearance, and so the next day he was put in charge of a flock of sheep which he drove up the mountainside to pasture.

He planted his shepherd's ax in the midst of a meadow and, leaving his sheep to graze about it, he went off into the forest hunting adventures. There he came upon a castle where a giant was busy cooking his dinner in a big saucepan.

"Good day to you," Yan said politely.

The giant, who was a rude, unmannerly fellow, bellowed out:

"It won't take me long to finish you, you young whipper-snapper!"

He raised a great iron club to strike Yan but Yan, quick as thought, flicked the giant with his whip and the huge fellow toppled over dead.

The next day he returned to the castle and found another giant in possession.

"Ho, ho!" he roared on sight of Yan. "What, you young

whippersnapper, back again! You killed my brother yesterday and now I'll kill you!"

He raised his great iron club to strike Yan, but Yan skipped nimbly aside. Then he flicked the giant with his whip and the huge fellow toppled over dead.

When Yan returned to the castle the third day there were no more giants about. So he wandered from room to room to see what treasures were there.

In one room he found a big chest. He struck it smartly and immediately two burly men jumped out and, bowing low before him, said:

"What does the master of the castle desire?"

"Show me everything there is to be seen," Yan ordered them promptly.

So the two servants of the chest showed him everything—jewels and treasures of gold. Then they led him out into the gardens where the most wonderful flowers in the world were blooming. Yan plucked some of these and made them into a nosegay.

That afternoon as he drove home his sheep he played on his magic pipe, and the sheep, pairing off two by two, began to dance and frisk about him. All the people in the village ran out to see the strange sight and laughed and clapped their hands for joy.

The princess ran to the palace window, and when she saw the sheep dancing two by two she, too, laughed and clapped her hands. Then the wind whiffed her a smell of the wonderful nosegay that Yan was carrying and she said to her maid:

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"Run down to the shepherd and tell him the princess desires his nosegay."

The serving maid delivered the message to Yan but he shook his head and said:

"Tell your mistress that whoever wants this nosegay must come herself and say, 'Yanitchko, give me that nosegay.'"

When the princess heard this, she laughed and said, "What an odd shepherd! I see I must go myself."

So the princess herself came out to Yan and said, "Yanitchko, give me that nosegay."

But Yan smiled and shook his head. "Whoever wants this nosegay must say, 'Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay.'"

The princess was a merry girl, so she laughed and said, "Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay."

Yan gave it to her at once and she thanked him sweetly.

The next day Yan went again to the castle garden and plucked another nosegay. Then in the afternoon he drove his sheep through the village as before, playing his pipe. The princess was standing at the palace window waiting to see him. When the wind brought her a whiff of the fresh nosegay that was even more fragrant than the first one, she ran out to Yan and said, "Yanitchko, please give me that nosegay."

But Yan smiled and shook his head. "Whoever wants this nosegay must say, 'My dear Yanitchko, I beg you most politely please to give me that nosegay.'"

"My dear Yanitchko," the princess repeated demurely, "I beg you most politely please to give me that nosegay."

So Yan gave her the second nosegay. The princess put it in

her window and the fragrance filled the village, until people from far and near came to see it.

After that every day Yan gathered a nosegay for the princess and every day the princess stood at the palace window waiting to see the handsome shepherd. And always when she asked for the nosegay, she said: "Please."

In this way a month went by and the day arrived when the neighboring princes were to come to meet the princess. They were to come in fine array, the people said, and the princess had ready a kerchief and a ring for the one who would please her most.

Yan planted the ax in the meadow and, leaving the sheep to graze about it, went to the castle, where he ordered the servants of the chest to dress him as befitted his rank. They put a white suit upon him and gave him a white horse with trappings of silver.

So he rode to the palace and took his place with the other princes but behind them so that the princess had to crane her neck to see him.

One by one the various princes rode by the princess but to none of them did the princess give her kerchief and ring. Yan was the last to salute her, and instantly she handed him her favors.

Then before the king or the other suitors could speak to him, Yan put spurs to his horse and rode off.

That evening as usual when he was driving home his sheep, the princess ran out to him and said, "Yan, it was you!"

But Yan laughed, "How can a poor shepherd be a prince?"

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The princess was not convinced and she said in another month, when the princes were to come again, she would find out.

So for another month Yan tended sheep and plucked nosegays for the merry little princess and the princess waited for him at the palace window every afternoon and when she saw him she always spoke to him politely and said: "Please."

When the day for the second meeting of the princes came, the servants of the chest arrayed Yan in a suit of red and gave him a sorrel horse with trappings of gold. Yan again rode to the palace and took his place with the other princes but behind them so that the princess had to crane her neck to see him.

Again the suitors rode by the princess one by one, but at each of them she shook her head impatiently and kept her kerchief and ring until Yan saluted her.

Instantly the ceremony was over, Yan put spurs to his horse and rode off and, although the king sent after him to bring him back, Yan was able to escape.

That evening when he was driving home his sheep the princess ran out to him and said, "Yanitchko, it was you! I know it was!"

But again Yan laughed and put her off and asked her how she could think such a thing of a poor shepherd.

Again the princess was not convinced, and she said in another month, when the princes were to come for the third and last time, she would make sure.

So for another month Yan tended his sheep and plucked nosegays for the merry little princess, and the princess waited

for him at the palace window every afternoon and, when she saw him, she always said politely: "Please."

For the third meeting of the princes the servants of the chest arrayed Yan in a gorgeous suit of black and gave him a black horse with golden trappings studded in diamonds. He rode to the palace and took his place behind the other suitors. Things went as before and again the princess saved her kerchief and ring for him.

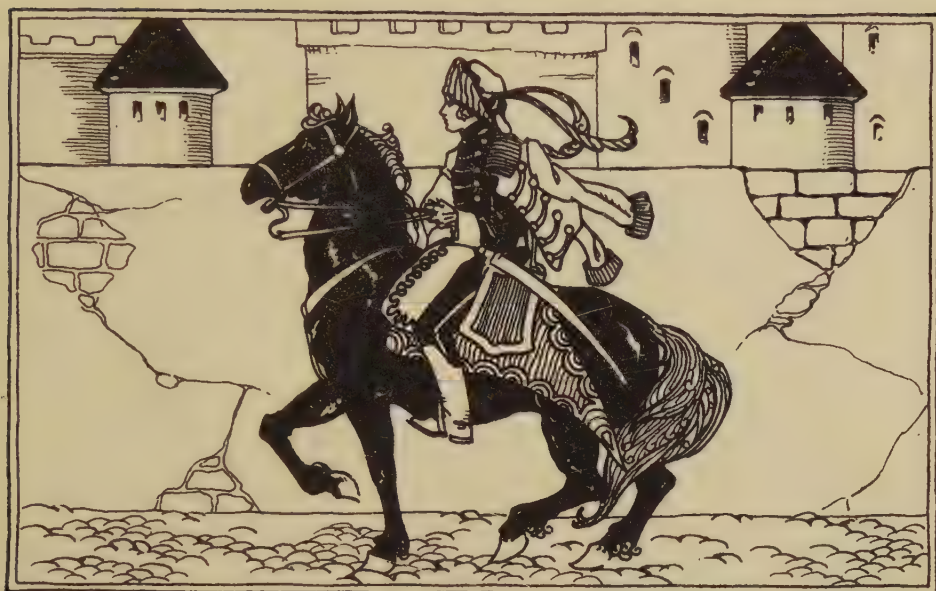
This time when he tried to ride off the other suitors surrounded him, and, before he escaped, one of them wounded him on the foot.

He galloped back to the castle in the forest, dressed once again in his shepherd's clothes, and returned to the meadow where his sheep were grazing. There he sat down and bound up his wounded foot in the kerchief which the princess had given him. Then, when he had eaten some bread and cheese from his magic wallet, he stretched himself out in the sun and fell asleep.

Meanwhile the princess, who was sorely vexed that her mysterious suitor had again escaped, slipped out of the palace and ran up the mountain path to see for herself whether the shepherd were really with his sheep. She found Yan asleep and, when she saw her kerchief bound about his foot, she knew that he was the prince.

She woke him up and cried, "You are he! You know you are."

Yan looked at her and laughed and, though he did not deny what she said, he asked, "How can I be a prince?"



"But I know you are!" the princess said. "Oh, Yanitchko, dear Yanitchko, I beg you please to tell me!"

So then Yan, because he always did anything the princess asked him when she said: "Please," told her his true name and his rank.

The princess, overjoyed to hear that her dear shepherd was really a prince, carried him off to her father, the king.

"This is the man I shall marry," she said, "this and none other."

So Yan and the merry little princess were married and lived very happily. And the people of the country when they speak of the princess always say:

"That's a princess for you! Why, even if she is a princess, she always says 'Please' to her own husband!"



THE FAITHLESS FLOWERS



I WENT this morning down to where the Johnny-Jump-Ups grow,
Like little naughty purple faces nodding in a row;
I stayed 'most all the morning there—I sat down on a stump
And watched and watched and watched them—and they never jumped
a jump!

And Golden Glow, that stands up tall and yellow by the fence,
It doesn't really glow at all; it's only just pretense.
I ran down after tea last night to pick some in the dark,
And had to light a match to see—they didn't give a spark!

And then the Bouncing Bets don't bounce—I tried them yesterday;
I picked a big pink bunch down in the meadow where they stay;
I took a piece of string I had and tied them in a ball
And threw them down as hard as hard—they never bounced at all;

While as for Ladyslippers, they are nothing like a shoe,
And even for a lady-fairy's foot they wouldn't do;
They haven't any heel at all, or any pointed toe,
Nor any hole at all on top for where your foot should go.

And Cowslips—you would think they'd make the cow fall down, and
lame,
If all you paid attention to about them was the name—
They're little faded yellow things that bend and duck and dip,
And Blossy walks all day on them and doesn't ever slip.

From *Little Girl and Boy Land*, by Margaret Widdemer. Copyright 1924, by Harcourt, Brace and Company, Inc., New York.



To Enchanted Lands



And Tiger-Lillies may look fierce, to meet them all alone,
All tall and black and yellowy, and nodding by a stone—
They're no more like a tiger than the dogwood's like a dog
Or bulrushes are like a bull, or toadwort like a frog!

I like the flowers very much—they're useful as can be
For bunches on the table, and to pick and wear and see,
But still it doesn't seem quite fair—it does seem very queer—
They don't do what they're named for—not at any time of year!

MARGARET WIDDEMER



THE DOLLS' FESTIVAL IN JAPAN

FREDERICK STARR

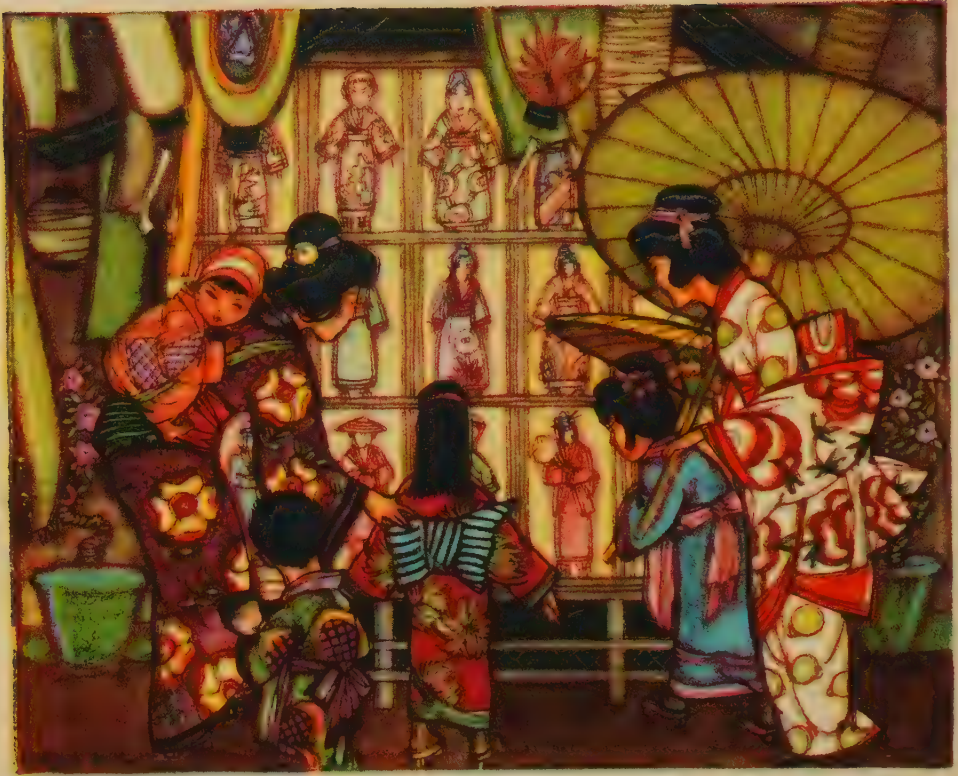
THE Japanese have five great festivals in the year. It is easy to remember when they come. They are celebrated on the first day of the first month, the third day of the third month, the fifth day of the fifth month, the seventh day of the seventh month, and the ninth day of the ninth month. Notice that the Japanese like odd numbers. It is strange that there is no festival on the eleventh day of the eleventh month. They say it is because the eight hundred thousand Shinto gods are having a festival on that day at Idzumo.

The dolls' festival comes on the third day of the third month. The Japanese name for it is *hina-matsuri*. *Hina* is a kind of doll, and *matsuri* means "festival." The Japanese have two different kinds of dolls—*hina* and *nigyo*. *Hina* are dolls that are not made to play with, but only to use in a ceremony. The dolls that little Japanese girls play with are *nigyo*. Any toy figure is a *nigyo*. The figure of a dog or of a bird is just as much a *nigyo* as the figure of a baby. A little girl in Japan is just as fond of her *nigyo* as any little American girl is of her dolly.

By permission of the author.

She plays with it in the same way and loves it as much. But hina are quite different. They are dolls, but they are not meant to play with. They are almost always in pairs—a man and a woman. They come already dressed in rich and fine but old-fashioned dress. Little girls do not dress and undress their hina; they just keep them to be looked at on festival occasions. Hina are handed down from mother to child and there are some hina in Japan that are hundreds of years old.

A few days before the festival the doll market opens. In large cities like Tokyo they are lively and pretty places. There are little stalls or booths for selling dolls in every part of the city where there are shops at all, but the great market is at Nihonbashi, the very heart of the city's business. Nihonbashi means "Japan bridge," and in the olden time all distances were measured from it. If a man said his town or village was so far from Yedo (Tokyo), he meant it was so far from Nihonbashi, Japanese bridge. The old bridge was famous and the new bridge is quite fine, with bronze griffins to adorn it. The whole district around the bridge is called Nihonbashi and it is a great region of shops and stores, banks and offices. Toward the end of February there is a great change there. Whatever the shops may have sold before, they now become almost only doll shops. Booths are built out on the street, on both sides, for a distance of quite two blocks, and in all of them are gay displays of dolls and little bits of toy furniture and small offerings for the festival. Windows, shelves, and tables are filled with little open fresh wooden boxes piled on one another so as to occupy every inch of space. At some of the shops they sell only dolls, at others



only the toy furniture, and at a few they sell only the little wooden stands with offerings on them. The scene is a gay one, day and night. Men, women, and children are out in crowds to see the things, to haggle over prices, and to buy.

Let us look at some of these little shops. Here is one where only dolls are sold. There are hina, hundreds of them, in pairs mostly. Many represent the Emperor and Empress. There are courtiers and court ladies in dresses almost as splendid as those of their majesties. There are sets of musicians, five in each set, with their musical instruments. There are the old man and

the old woman, he with a rake and she with a broom, who are the symbol of a happy marriage and a long life. There are dancing girls in sets of three, and there are figures of Shojo, the red-headed dancing girl, with her long hair flying. These and many other curious and pretty hina are sold here. You may buy them at prices ranging from a few sen up to many dollars. (A sen is half a cent; a yen is half a dollar.) The next shop is a doll outfitter's shop, where all kinds of little furnishings are sold. They are elegant and old-fashioned, not at all like what the people use today. But how pretty they are and what a lot of things! Most of them are of black lacquer, bright and shining and decorated with gilt. Some of them have the *mon*, or family mark, on them in gold. Here are toilet sets for ladies, writing outfits, boxes such as they used to hold the painted shells for the shell game, stands and tables for serving food, chests for fine garments, and many, many other things—all very little, just for dolls to use. In another shop we find nothing but offerings. There are little flasks and jars for the white *sake* (rice wine) and plain wooden stands for food offerings; there are cakes and dried fish made in paste or gluten, just fit for dolls to eat. There are little artificial trees, two kinds of them—a cherry tree in full pink bloom and a wild orange tree with dark green leaves and golden fruit. These stand at the two sides of the display of dolls, just as two big trees of the same kinds have always stood at the sides of the stairway leading up from the courtyard to the Emperor's audience hall in the palace. At night all these shops are lighted with electric light or gas, and are even prettier than in the daytime. How the children love to see the shops at night!

When the third day of the third month really comes, a display of dolls is made in homes both of rich and poor. The parents prepare it beforehand. There is a wooden platform of several steps—three or five or seven. This is usually covered with red cloth. The dolls are arranged upon the steps and include all the family dolls, both hina and nigyo. At the top are the Emperor and Empress, with a fancy screen behind them. On the step next below are the courtiers and court ladies, the musicians and the dancing girls. Then come the other dolls, all of them, and the little furniture of every kind, and on the tiny tables is food and on the plain wood stands are offerings. The bottles of white saké are never forgotten and are usually on the lowest step.

We have seen many of these displays of dolls. The greatest was at the house of a great nobleman. It filled a large room. Stepped platforms ran along two entire sides of the room and there were three smaller platforms in other parts. All were covered with red cloth. On them were hundreds of dolls. There were many hina arranged in their proper order, and there were all the nigyo with which the children of the family for two hundred years had played. Some of them were truly Japanese and looked like the children of the old-time soldiers of Japan; some were dolls that had been brought from France or Holland or Germany, with flaxen hair and blue eyes, not at all like Japanese. Some were as big as actual babies and some were wee things, almost too small to handle. There were dolls here that had been played with by the great-great-grandmothers of the children in that family today. And what pretty, pretty,

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little furnishings in bright black lacquer with the mark of the old Tokygama family in gold on them. The offerings were real food as well as make-believe.

Of course this was a splendid display in a rich man's house. But in all kinds of homes, some show is made. The little girls, dressed in their good clothes, are delighted to see it all, but they do not venture to play with the dolls—oh dear no! But they want the dolls that have been in the family so long to see each other and the children of today, and to take the offerings and to feel the affection and care which they used to receive when their little mistresses played with them and loved them. The festival is always a happy time, too, with good things to eat, and visits from little neighbors' girls to see the dolls.

In my own house there used to be a little baby girl named Kimi, the grandchild of my cook and his old wife. Manuel and I went one day to the dolls' market. It was the first time that we saw it and we bought some hina, the Emperor and Empress and a few others, and a little screen. Manuel arranged them in the alcove of our room, quite like a real doll festival display. The next day we were away all day, but returned at evening. We found that little Kimi had been busy. She had brought two little vases of paper flowers and a tray of offerings—cakes, fish, shellfish, bamboo sprouts. These she had placed before the dolls, the food offerings at the middle and the flowers at the two sides. We had forgotten, but she understood. She knew that the dolls needed attention, wanted food, longed for human contact and love. She knew that the dolls' festival is not play, but that it is really serious business.



THE RABBIT

BROWN bunny sits inside his burrow
Till everything is still,
Then out he slips along the furrow
Or up the grassy hill.

He nibbles all about the bushes
Or sits to wash his face,
But at a sound he stamps, and rushes
At a surprising pace.

You see some little streaks and flashes,
A last sharp twink of white,
As down his hidy-hole he dashes
And disappears from sight.

EDITH KING

From *Fifty New Poems for Children*. New York: D. Appleton & Co.



THE RABBIT-PERSON

FRANK B. LINDERMAN

"THAT was a good story," said Little-crane, a boy of nine years. "We like it when you tell us of those Persons who lived so long ago. But tell me, Grandfather, was my father brave?"

"Yes, Little-crane, your father was brave. The Pie-gans killed him in a battle when you had seen but two snows. We fought hard, but the Pie-gans killed your father and Black Wolf and Eagle-man. It was a good fight, even though we lost it. Yes, your father was a brave man."

He smoked awhile thoughtfully. "Of course," he said, laying aside his black stone pipe, "some Persons are brave.

From Kootenai Why Stories. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.

Others are cowards. *Old-man*¹ made them to be that way. They cannot help it, even if they wished to.

"The Rabbit-person is a great coward, and everybody knows it now. But there was a time when nobody knew that the Rabbit-person was afraid. Skinkoots² and the Grizzly Bear found it out. And then these two told everybody. Now everybody knows it, and some People laugh. But it is wrong to laugh at the Rabbit-person. He cannot help being afraid. How can he, when *Old-man* made him that way?

"It was mean of Skinkoots and the Grizzly Bear-person to tell everybody that the Rabbit was a coward. It was especially mean of Skinkoots, who sometimes runs away, himself. It was not so bad on the part of the Grizzly Bear-person, of course, because he does not understand. He does not know how to be afraid. One can hardly blame him for laughing at a coward, since *he* always is brave. *Old-man* made him that way. He cannot help it if he wished to, you see. How can he?

"Listen! The day was cold, but there was no snow on the ground. The sky was spotted with little white clouds that were running races with each other, and sometimes the Winds blew. The Sun paid no attention to the little white clouds in the sky, and kept at his work of making the day bright. And it was on this very day that the Rabbit-person did the foolish thing that set everybody laughing at him. But nobody would have learned about it if Skinkoots and the Grizzly Bear-person had not told.

"Perhaps the Rabbit-person was not feeling well that morning

¹*Old-man* is the Creator.

²Skinkoots, the Smart Person, is the Coyote.

when he hopped out of his lodge to find his breakfast. Anyhow, when he found what he wanted to eat he was among tall trees. No other Persons were near, and he began eating, a little here and a little there, till suddenly he heard a noise.

“Up he sat on his haunches. Up went his long ears. Oh, ho!

“‘What was that, I wonder,’ he whispered, his eyes looking frightened. ‘What was that noise?’ But now the noise was gone.

“‘I guess it was only my heart beating,’ thought the Rabbit-person, looking relieved. ‘Yes, I guess that was what it was.’

“‘You see, the Rabbit-person was always a great coward, and he knew it. But nobody else did—not yet.

“‘He began eating again, a little here and a little there until—oh, ho!—he heard the noise again, and louder than before. ‘Hark!’ he said, and up he sat on his haunches again. Up went his long ears, and his nose was still for once in his life.

“‘What was that?’ he whispered, his head turning this way and that way.

“Just then the noise came again and louder than ever. It came from over his head. Oh, ho! The treetops were bending! The little clouds, running their races in the sky, were passing the forests, and, of course, the Winds were with them, watching the races.

“It was the Wind that bent the treetops. It was only the Wind that made the noise in the forest. Oh, ho! It was only the Wind that the Rabbit-person heard!

“‘Look at that tree bending!’ he whispered. ‘Something will fall on me here! I shall be killed if I stay here!’

"Just then the little clouds that raced in the sky made shadows on the ground—shadows that raced through the forests as the clouds passed the Sun.

"That was enough! Oh, ho! That was *too much* for the Rabbit-person.

"Away he went, his black tail bobbing so fast that no Person could count its bobs; not even Skinkoots, who saw him go by with his long ears tight to his shoulders.

"‘What is going on here?’ said Skinkoots. ‘Look at that Person go! He is a good runner; about the best there is, I guess. I wonder what is after him? I will run along behind and see. But I shall have to hurry.’

"He sprang out of the bushes, and away he went behind the Rabbit-person to find out what was chasing him. But he saw nobody—heard nothing at all, as he raced behind the frightened Rabbit-person, till the Grizzly Bear-person called: ‘Hey, you Skinkoots-person, what is going on here?’

"‘Something is after the Rabbit-person,’ answered Skinkoots over his shoulder. ‘I cannot stop to talk to you. Come on! Let us see who it is that is chasing him!’

"‘Well, wait, can’t you!’ cried the Grizzly Bear-person, starting to run after Skinkoots.





“No, of course I can’t wait. Come on, you Big-person, if you think you are a runner!” laughed Skinkoots, now far ahead.

“But if anybody thinks the Grizzly Bear-person cannot run he is mistaken. He does not know that Person at all.

“Oh, ho! Now there were two that raced behind the Rabbit-person to see what it was that chased him.

“Oh, ho! Through the forests, over the hills, across the mountains they raced, until at last they came to the plains. Oh, ho! They came to the plains.

“Skinkoots’ tongue was hanging out of his mouth and water dripped from it when he stopped to wait for the Grizzly Bear-person, who was far behind.

❖ ❖ ❖ **Book Trails** ❖ ❖ ❖

“‘I have not seen a living thing!’ gasped the Grizzly Bear-person, sitting down, for he was tired out. ‘Not a living thing, not even the Rabbit-person himself. Have you?’

“‘Not until I stopped to wait for you,’ panted Skinkoots. ‘Say, that Rabbit-person is fast, I tell you! I have not seen him since I started. If my nose had not helped me, we should not have got here. We should have lost him altogether.’

“‘Lost him?’ grunted the Grizzly Bear-person, lying down on the plains. ‘I guess we have lost him all right. I do not see him anywhere. Say, but this is a flat country here. One can see all over this country. But I do not see that Rabbit-person.’

“‘Well, I do,’ said Skinkoots, ‘That is why I stopped here to wait for you.’

“‘Where is he?’ asked the Grizzly Bear-person, sitting up on his haunches and looking all around.

“‘Right over there.’ Skinkoots pointed to a sage-bush. And there, almost dead from running, was the Rabbit-person, his sides going in and out, in and out, so fast you could not count them.

“‘Say, do you think we can get near enough to talk to him?’ asked the Grizzly Bear-person.

“‘I guess so, if we sing a little,’ said Skinkoots. And then he began to sing a song to show the Rabbit-person they were not at war with him.

“‘They both got pretty near, near enough to talk to the Rabbit-person; and Skinkoots asked: ‘Say, you, what was after you that time?’

“‘The Rabbit-person’s sides were still going in and out, in

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and out, so fast you could not count them. 'I do not know what Person it was,' he gasped. 'I was back there in the forests when a noise came. Then the trees bent, and *black things* that were nothing at all raced past me! I was afraid something would fall on me!'

"Oh, ho! It was only the Wind that had frightened the Rabbit-person. Nothing at all was after him!

"At first Skinkoots was angry when he heard this. 'Say, you,' he said, walking a little nearer, 'I ought to eat you for what you have done. But I won't—oh, no, I won't—ha-ha-ha!'

"'Did you hear what he said, Bear-person?' asked Skinkoots, out of breath with his laughing. 'Did you hear that?'

"'Yes, oh, yes, I heard. Ha-ha-ha!' The Grizzly Bear-person began to roll over on the plains. 'The Wind frightened him. Ha-ha! The Wind, Skinkoots! He said it was the Wind that scared him—the little coward.'

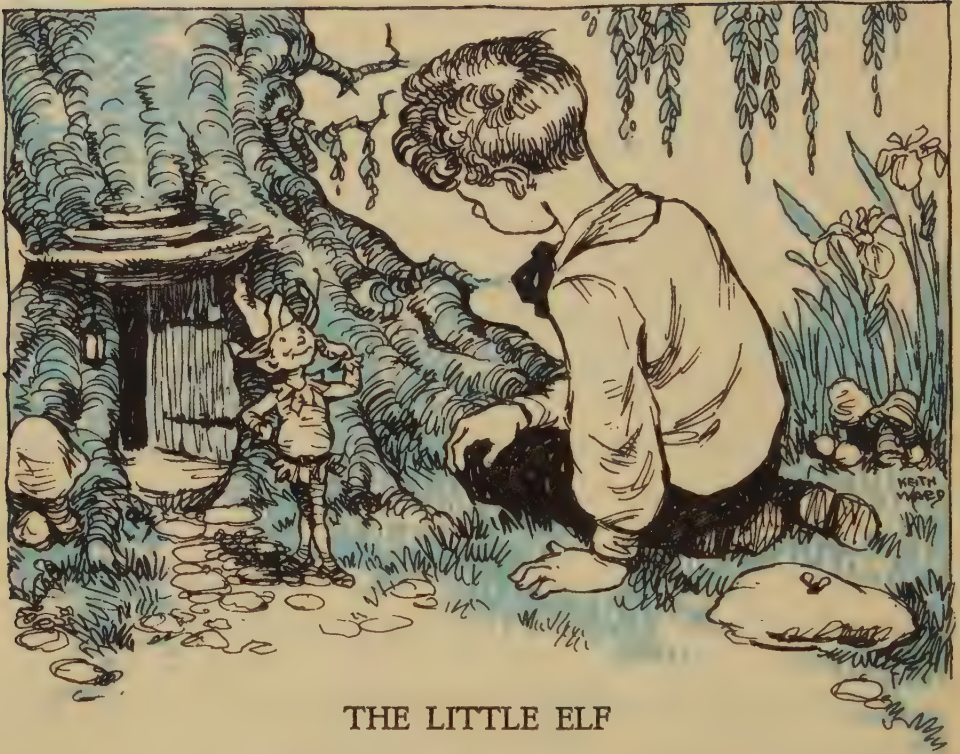
"Now both were laughing at the Rabbit-person, who saw nothing at all to laugh at, but looked foolish.

"'Say, Brother,' said Skinkoots, suddenly sitting up, 'I know what let's do, you and I. Let us go all over this world and tell everybody we see about this thing!'

"'All right,' agreed the Grizzly Bear-person, starting out. 'Let's go right now, Skinkoots!'

"And so they started, telling every Person they saw until everybody knew that the Rabbit-person was a coward. They did this thing to punish the Rabbit for making them run so far for nothing. That is why.

"Ho!"



THE LITTLE ELF

I MET a little Elf-man, once,
Down where the lilies blow.
I asked him why he was so small
And why he didn't grow.

He slightly frowned, and with his eye
He looked me through and through.
"I'm quite as big for me," said he,
"As you are big for you."

JOHN KENDRICK BANGS

From *Fairy Stories* retold from *St. Nicholas*. New York: The Century Co.



RUMPELSTILZCHEN

DINAH MARIA MULOCK CRAIK

THERE was once a miller who was very poor, but he had a beautiful daughter. Now it happened that he came to speak to the king, and, to give himself importance, he said to him, "I have a daughter who can spin straw into gold."

The king said to the miller, "That is a talent that pleases me well; if she be as skillful as you say, bring her tomorrow to the palace, and I will put her to the proof."

When the maiden was brought to him, he led her to a room full of straw, gave her a wheel and spindle, and said, "Now set to work, and if by the morrow this straw be not spun into gold, you shall die." He then marched out of the room, locked the door and left the maiden alone.

The poor girl sat down disconsolate, and could not for her life think what she was to do, for she knew not—how could she?—the way to spin straw into gold; and her distress increased so much that at last she began to weep. All at once the door opened, and a little man entered and said, “Good-evening, my pretty miller’s daughter; why are you weeping so bitterly?”

“Ah!” answered the maiden, “I must spin straw into gold, and know not how to do it.”

The little man said, “What will you give me if I do it for you?”

“My neckerchief,” said the maiden.

He took the kerchief, sat down before the wheel, and grind, grind, grind—three times did he grind—and the spindle was full; then he put another thread on, and grind, grind, grind—the second was full; so he spun on till morning, when all the straw was spun, and all the spindles were full of gold.

The king came at sunrise, and was greatly astonished and overjoyed at the sight; but it only made his heart the more greedy of gold. He put the miller’s daughter into another much larger room, full of straw, and ordered her to spin it all in one night, if life were dear to her. The poor helpless maiden began to weep, when once more the door flew open and the little man appeared, and said, “What will you give me if I spin this straw into gold?”

“My ring from my finger,” answered the maiden.

The little man took the ring, began to turn the wheel, and by the morning all the straw was spun into shining gold.

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The king was highly delighted when he saw it, but was not yet satisfied with the quantity of gold; so he put the damsel into a still larger room full of straw, and said, "Spin this during the night; and if you do it you shall be my wife. For," he thought, "although she's only a miller's daughter, I shall never find a richer wife in the whole world."

As soon as the damsel was alone the little man came the third time and said, "What will you give me if I again spin all this straw for you?"

"I have nothing more to give you," answered the girl.

"Then promise, if you become queen, to give me your first child."

"Who knows how that may be or how things may turn out between now and then?" thought the girl, but in her perplexity she could not help herself; so she promised the little man what he desired, and he spun all the straw into gold.

When the king came in the morning and saw that his orders had been obeyed, he married the maiden, and the beautiful miller's daughter became a queen. After a year had passed she brought a lovely baby into the world, but quite forgot the little man, till he walked suddenly into her chamber and said, "Give me what you promised me." The queen was frightened, and offered the dwarf all the riches of the kingdom if he would only leave her the child; but he answered, "No; something living is dearer to me than all the treasures of the world."

Then the queen began to grieve and to weep so bitterly that the little man took pity upon her and said, "I will give



you three days; if in that time you can find out my name, you shall keep the child."

All night long the queen thought over every name she had ever heard, and sent a messenger through the kingdom to inquire what names were usually given to people in that country. When, next day, the little man came again, she began with Caspar, Melchior, Balthazar, and repeated each after each all the names she knew or had heard of; but at each one the little man said, "That is not my name."

The second day she again sent round about in all directions to ask how the people were called, and repeated to the little man the strangest names she could hear of or imagine. To each he answered always, "That is not my name."

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The third day the messenger returned and said: "I have not been able to find a single new name; but as I came over a high mountain by a wood, where the fox and the hare bid each other good-night, I saw a little house, and before the house was burning a little fire, and round the fire danced a very funny little man, who hopped upon one leg and cried out:

Today I brew, tomorrow I bake,
Next day the queen's child I shall take,
How glad I am that nobody knows
My name is Rumpelstilzchen!"

You may guess how joyful the queen was at hearing this, and when soon after the little man entered and said, "Queen, what is my name?" she asked him mischievously, "Is your name Kunz?"

"No."

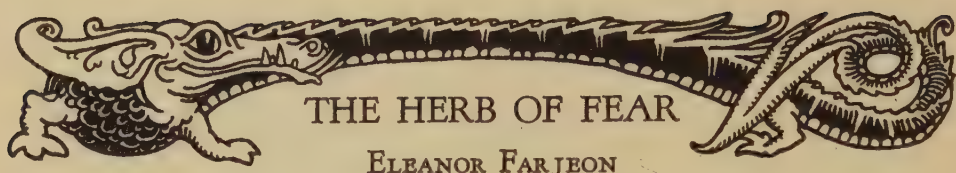
"Is your name Carl?"

"No."

"Are you not sometimes called Rumpelstilzchen?"

"A witch has told you that—a witch has told you!" shrieked the poor little man, and stamped so furiously with his right foot that it sunk into the earth up to the hip; then with both hands he seized his left foot and brought it down so hard that he disappeared from view and was never seen again.





ONE morning the Man of Carrara sat in his Marble Mountain making things. By the end of the day he had made a child and a puppy, both out of pure white marble. He called the child Nanina and the puppy Cecchino. When he had put the last stroke to them, he sent them away to be filled with life, and set about making something else.

As soon as the spark of life had been lit in them, Cecchino cried, "Nanina!" and Nanina cried, "Cecchino!" and Cecchino leaped into Nanina's arms, and Nanina cuddled and kissed him. They recognized each other instantly, for were they not made of the same stuff? However, they had not much time for cuddles and kisses. Nanina was sent one way and Cecchino another, to find their homes on earth.

In due course Nanina came to live in Fiesole on the hilltop, with a garden that looked over the whole world. And Cecchino found a lodging in an old house that was falling into decay, but was a very pleasant place for a little dog to make mischief in. For it had great empty rooms full of silk hangings and tassels, and a big wild garden full of roses and persimmons.

Nanina was happy on her hilltop, and the only thing that cast a shadow on her days was her fear of Monsters. There were so many Monsters in the world—Monsters with horns,

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Monsters with swishing tails, Monsters with green eyes, Monsters with yapping voices; and all of them had four legs instead of two, like reasonable people. Of people Nanina had no fear whatever.

Cecchino for his part feared nothing on four legs. He would have worried a herd of elephants as gayly as he worried the silk fringe on the rich faded curtains in his dwelling. But he was afraid of Giantesses. If ever he heard of a Giantess anywhere near, he ran and hid under a couch, and would not come out till the danger was past. He roamed at will wherever he pleased, and every day he ran down to Florence to drink of the green Arno, which tasted better than any water in Italy. But he never on any account ran up to Fiesole, because he had heard that a Giantess lived there.

One day news came that all the Brigands in Italy were on the way, and nobody was safe. Everybody got the shivers and shakes. When Nanina went for a walk that morning she found all the shops and houses shut and bolted. This vexed her, because she wanted a persimmon to eat after dinner, and she had two soldi to buy it with. She ran all round the market square rattling at the doors, while the people ran into their cupboards and got under their beds, quite sure that the Brigands were after them. Then Nanina got cross, for when she wanted a persimmon she *wanted* a persimmon. As she stood in the empty market square, wondering what to do, she saw the old Milkman coming down one of the twisty streets with his milk-cart behind him, and a sprig in his hat. Brigands or no Brigands, the milk must be left just the same.



He knew Nanina well, and stopped at once to ask her, "What is the matter, Nanina?"

"I want a persimmon."

"There are no persimmons."

"Why?"

"The Brigands have taken them all."

"But I want one!" explained Nanina.

"Then you must go to the Brigands," said the Milkman.

"Then I will!" said Nanina. And off she went.

Over the mountains she saw the Brigands coming from their lair, streams and streams of them, in black slouch hats and big cloaks. The people were flying before them in all directions, and the Brigand Chief was shouting, "Ha ha! ha ha!" as he always did when he saw people flying before him. The crowd was so great that Nanina could hardly push through it. But she waved her little hands, and stamped her little feet, and her white cheeks flushed, and her blue eyes flashed, and her bright hair glittered in the sun as she cried, "Out of my way! I want to see the Brigand Chief!"

"Run, child, run!" the people cried. "The Brigand Chief will gobble you up as soon as look at you!"

"Stuff and nonsense!" said Nanina. "Out of my way at once!"

And through the flying crowd she marched, till she met the Brigand Chief face to face. For the first time in his life he saw himself confronted by sparkling blue eyes, blowing gold hair, two pink cheeks, two little feet that stamped at him, two little fists that shook at him, and an angry little voice that cried:



"How dare you take all the persimmons in Italy, when I want one after dinner? Give me a persimmon this instant, or I'll tell on you."

The Brigand Chief turned pale. "You wouldn't do that, would you?" he said.

"Yes, I would!" said Nanina fiercely. "Give me a persimmon at once!"

The Brigand Chief shook in his shoes. "Alas!" he whispered, "we have eaten them all!" and he burst into tears. Seeing their Chief weep, all the other Brigands confessed, "Alas, alas, it is true! we have eaten them." And they also burst into tears.

"Very well," said Nanina, "I shall go and tell."

"Wait!" cried the Chief. "There is one hope left. In an old wilderness of a garden on the way to Florence grows the finest persimmon tree in Italy. That tree alone we have not robbed. Because—"

"Because?" demanded Nanina.

"Because," said the Brigand Chief in a low voice, "it is guarded by a Monster!" Then he threw up his hands to heaven, turned on his heel, and ran back as fast as he could to his lair, and never came out again; and all his Brigands followed him. So Italy was delivered forever from Brigands by Nanina, in a single moment.

Everybody came and praised and petted her, but she was in such a temper that she would not listen to them. All she said was, "I want a persimmon! I want a persimmon to eat after dinner."

"You must wait till next year, little darling," said the people. "Next year when the persimmons are ripe, you shall eat them all."

"I don't want them all, *then*," said Nanina; "I want just one, *now*."

"But there are none now. The Brigands took them all."

"No, they didn't. They didn't take the tree in the old garden on the way to Florence. But—"

"But what, little darling?"

"It is guarded by a Monster," said Nanina tremulously. Her little lip quivered, and she began to sob.

At this moment the old Milkman pushed his way through

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the crowd. "What's the matter here?" he asked, and listened while one and another told him the story. Nanina herself was sobbing too hard to speak.

"It appears to me," said the Milkman at last, "that as Nanina has delivered you from Brigands, you ought to go and get her a persimmon."

But the people said, "We don't like Monsters," and turned on their heels and ran away as fast as they could to their homes, where they locked themselves in again.

Then the Milkman said to Nanina, "It appears to me that if you want a persimmon you must get it yourself."

"But I don't like Monsters either," sobbed Nanina.

"Well, well, that can be remedied. Do you see this sprig in my hat? It is called the Herb of Fear, not because it makes you afraid, but because it draws all the fear out of you. Listen carefully, Nanina, follow my counsel, and all will be well. I happen to know that this is the hour when the Monster you speak of goes down to Florence to drink the green Arno. Now is your moment to go to the deserted garden, in the courtyard of which stands a ruined fountain. Throw this Herb into the water, bathe yourself therein, and when you come out you will fear Monsters as little as you do Brigands."

The old man looked so wise and kind that Nanina trusted him. Off she ran as fast as she could, to reach the fountain before the Monster returned. She flung the Herb of Fear into the water and stripped off her frock; and just then—oh horror!—she heard the shrill voice of the Monster yapping at the gate. As quick as thought she jumped into the fountain. She had

hardly done so when the Monster himself leaped over the wall and jumped in after her. For he had met the old Milkman at the gate, who had told him that the Giantess from Fiesole had come down to look for him; and his only chance was to bathe in the fountain and grow bold.

For a moment or two the courtyard was filled with splashes and cries and yelps. Then Nanina sat up on her side of the fountain shaking the water out of her curls, and the Monster sat up on his side shaking the water out of his coat. As soon as they set eyes on each other—

“Cecchino!” cried Nanina.

“Nanina!” cried Cecchino.

And Cecchino leaped into Nanina’s arms, and Nanina cuddled and kissed him. They knew each other instantly, for were they not made of the same stuff?

Down the garden the Monster and the Giantess went together, and soon a puppy and a little girl were eating persimmons to their hearts’ content.





CALLISTO

Adapted from Thomas Bulfinch

IN THE halls of the gods of ancient Rome was heard the voice of Juno, wife of the great Jupiter, and the tone of her voice was cold with a terrible anger. It was unheard of that Juno the beautiful, Juno the powerful, should hear the gods praise a human being as "lovely as the queen of the gods!" Such a thing Juno would not endure!

The object of her wrath was a fair maiden named Callisto, who little suspected what sorrow her beauty would bring her. Juno in her fury cast a spell upon the maiden, so that Callisto's white hands grew large and clumsy and were armed with crooked claws, and over all her body grew coarse black hair.

Sharp fangs were in her mouth, and her once musical voice became a terrible growl. Poor Callisto! To outward view she became a bear that frightened all who met her, while within she remained a timid woman, afraid to stay in the lonely woods at night. She fled from the wild animals, quite forgetting that she herself was the most fearsome of all the bears.

Callisto had a little son, and when she disappeared her family reared the boy to be a hunter. One day when the youth was hunting, Callisto espied him and recognized him as her son. Forgetful of all else, she rose on her hind feet, with arms extended to embrace him. The youth, terrified at her approach, raised his hunting spear and was about to plunge it into the bear. Jupiter, beholding this scene from the skies, stayed the boy's hand, and changed the boy also into a bear. He then lifted mother and son together into the sky as the Great and Little Bear.

Juno was enraged to see Callisto and her son Arcas so honored. Hastening to her old foster parents, Tethys and Oceanus, the powers of the ocean, she besought their aid. "See where the circle of the sky is smallest," she cried, "there near the pole. There you will behold Callisto and her son. I changed Callisto into a bear and now she has been exalted among the stars, and her son also. I beseech you, my foster parents, do not let these two enter your waters."

The powers of the ocean assented to the desire of Juno, and that is why, the legends say, that even today the two constellations of the Great and Little Bear move round and round the heaven, but never sink, as other stars do, beneath the ocean.

THE PLEIADES

BY DAY you cannot see the sky
For it is up so very high.
You look and look, but it's so blue
That you can never see right through.

But when night comes it is quite plain,
And all the stars are there again.
They seem just like old friends to me,
I've known them all my life you see.

There is the dipper first, and there
Is Cassiopeia in her chair,
Orion's belt, the Milky Way,
And lots I know but cannot say.

One group looks like a swarm of bees,
Papa says they're the Pleiades;
But I think they must be the toy
Of some nice little angel boy.

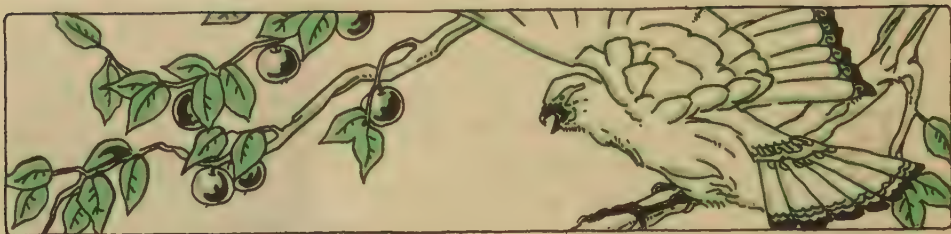
Perhaps his jackstones which today
He has forgot to put away,
And left them lying on the sky
Where he will find them bye and bye.

I wish he'd come and play with me.
We'd have such fun, for it would be
A most unusual thing for boys
To feel that they had stars for toys!

AMY LOWELL

From *A Dome of Many Coloured Glass*. Boston: Houghton Mifflin Company.





THE GLASS MOUNTAIN

ELSIE BYRDE

LONG, long ago, before ever your great-grandfathers were born, and far, far away in the very heart of Poland, there stood a glass mountain. It was so high that the top touched the clouds, and on its summit stood a castle, and in front of the castle stood an apple tree, and on the apple tree grew golden apples. And in the castle there was a silver room, and in the silver room a beautiful princess, bewitched and kept a prisoner by a wicked sorceress, lived in solitude and sadness. For how could she be happy, although her cellar was full of precious stones and one room in the castle was full of bags of gold, when she could not walk in the sunshine, or hear the songs of the birds, or smell the sweetness of the flowers?

Many brave knights, having heard of the beauty and wealth of the princess and of how she was kept a prisoner in the castle, had tried to climb the mountain and rescue her, but before they could come any way near the top they fell down the steep sides and were killed. For nearly seven years knight after knight tried, and for nearly seven years the princess watched

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and hoped that one of them would at last reach the castle and save her. But although they came in hundreds from all corners of the world her hopes were never realized.

Three days before the end of the seventh year a knight clad in golden armor, of whom it was said that he succeeded in everything that he tried to do, rode to the mountain on a splendid charger. The people assembled in the valley marveled to see how his horse's hoofs trod the glassy slopes as easily as the straight, level road. The knight reached the top and was already close to the apple tree, and the heart of the princess was beating with joy as she watched him from her window,

when, behold! a gigantic hawk flew out of the tree and flapped its wings in the horse's eyes. The horse snorted and reared, his feet slipped on the glassy surface, and he rolled with his rider down the side of the mountain and both were killed on the spot.

Two days after this, a student, poor, but handsome, strong, young, and wise, came and stood at the foot of the mountain. For a year he had been hearing about the beautiful princess who was imprisoned in the castle and about the knights who had tried to save her, and how each had perished in the attempt. Now he stood looking up at the mountain and at the knight who lay dead in his golden armor with his doughty charger at the foot. He thought for a while as though trying to make up his mind what to do. Then he turned and went into the wood. Here he caught a lynx, killed it, cut off its sharp claws, fixed them on his own hands and feet, and then began to climb the mountain just as the sun rose.

When the poor student had climbed halfway up he began to feel tired and thirsty. A dark cloud floated over his head and he begged it to give him some water to drink. But in vain, it passed on without letting so much as a drop fall. He looked up, and in order to see the top of the mountain he had to throw back his head so far that his sheepskin cap fell off. He looked down, and it seemed as if certain death awaited him below. And the sun was setting.

His strength was exhausted, sleep was closing his eyes. He fastened his claws well into the glassy slopes, and there he reclined, and slept lightly till midnight.

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The hawk was keeping watch on the apple tree. As the moon rose and threw its light on the shining slopes, the gigantic bird caught sight of the poor student as he lay asleep. It flapped its wings and flew down to destroy him; but just then the student opened his eyes, and when he saw the bird he resolved to make use of its strength to help himself. The hawk grasped him with its powerful claws, but he seized its legs. The startled bird began to soar, and flew up until it was right over the castle gleaming in the moonlight; he saw the princess sitting in the silver room sighing and dreaming of the knight who might yet save her; he saw the garden and the apple tree shining with its golden fruit. Then, taking his knife from his belt, he cut off the legs of the hawk. It flew screeching into a cloud and so disappeared, but the student fell among the branches of the apple tree. He picked an apple and laid it on the wounds made in his flesh by the hawk's sharp talons: they healed at once. Then he filled his pockets with apples and went boldly to the castle, which was guarded by a terrible and fierce dragon. The student flung a handful of apples at this dragon, and it disappeared in a great fright down the side of the mountain, the castle door flew open, and he found himself in a grassy court full of flowers.

The princess, sitting at her window, saw him coming, and ran joyfully to welcome her rescuer. She gave him her hand, her heart, and all she possessed.

The next day, as he and the princess were walking in the garden, they saw a crowd of people gathered at the foot of the mountain. They called a swallow, and bade it fly down and



find out who these might be. What was their joy when they learned that they were the knights who had lost their lives in trying to save the princess! The blood of the hawk, dropping on them, had revived them, and they sent their grateful thanks to their deliverer. And the poor student and his wife, the princess, reigned king and queen of the Glass Mountain, and lived happily together for many, many years.

The hawk, who was a wicked sorceress, was found dead in a wood.

Thus did a poor student by his wits accomplish what many brave knights failed to do by their strength.





THE STORY OF EBISU

An Ancient Japanese Legend

DESPITE the fact that Ebisu was the son of the demigod Oanamuchi, he was little given to the warlike occupations such as men deemed fitting for the son of a great ruler. His father pleaded with him in vain, for Ebisu refused to take part in battle. At last Oanamuchi banished his son to a mist-covered island where the lad was in danger of dying from starvation.

At first Ebisu thought he must perish from hunger, but as he lay on the sands the voice of his mother whispered through the soft, warm wind of Kuro Shio, the Gulf Stream, "Catch fish, my son, catch fish. They will not only feed thee, but will also make thee great." Whereupon Ebisu made him nets and cast

them into the sea. Soon the nets were filled with fish of many kinds, and he drew them in and emptied them. Again and again he cast his nets and always were they filled with fish, so that he had more than enough to eat.

One day some fishermen visited the mist-clad island, and from that time the fame of Ebisu spread. The fishermen grew to look upon him as their leader and protector.

Now, after a time Ebisu grew tired of eating nothing but fish, and longed for a little rice. Thereupon, taking a big *tai*, or red snapper, under his arm, he journeyed far inland to where dwelt, so men said, the short-legged god of trade, Daikoku. At last, after days of travel, Ebisu reached the place where sat Daikoku, smiling and placid, atop two great bags of rice. Bowing low, Ebisu greeted the god, saying, "Give me of your rice, O Daikoku, and yours shall be this *tai*."

Daikoku had grown as weary of his diet of rice as had Ebisu of his fish, so he gladly consented to trade with Ebisu and made a great feast for the two of them to enjoy together. When the feast was ended, Daikoku addressed his guest thus:

"Since of fish you have always more than you can consume, and my rice bags are filled beyond my needs, let us exchange, so that we may each have a variety of foods."

This idea greatly pleased Ebisu, whereupon they did strike a bargain and thereafter did become inseparable friends. They were known to men as the Twin Gods of Luck, and if you ever happen to be in a Japanese shop you may see tiny statues of them, Ebisu holding his fish, and Daikoku seated, smiling, upon his rice bags. Fat little men they are, smiling, always smiling.



THE WHITE CAT

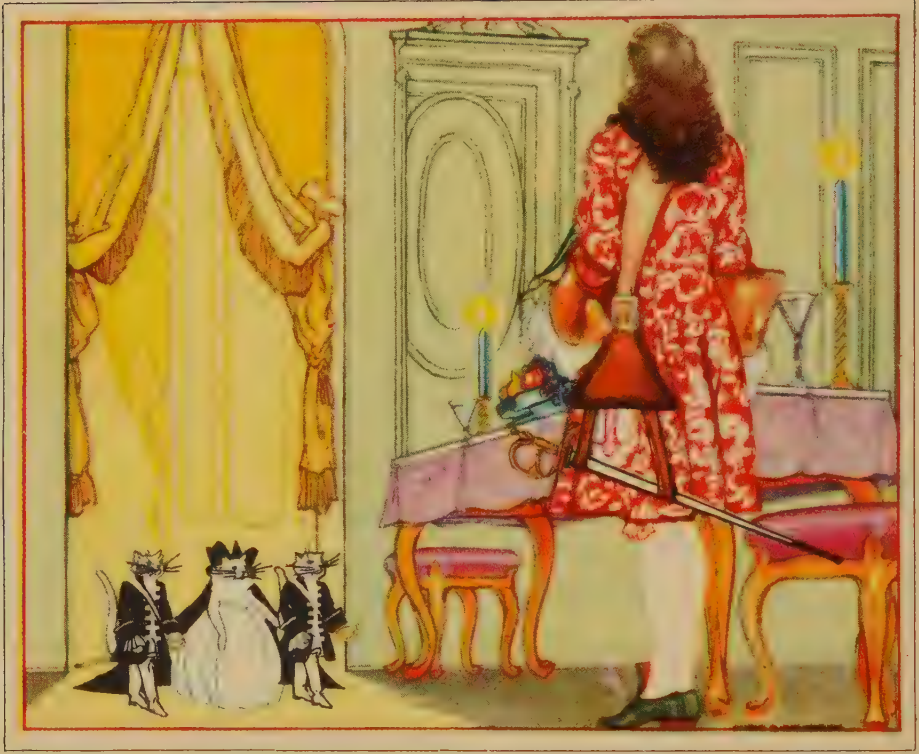
Retold from Countess d'Aulnoy



THERE was once a king who had three sons, handsome, brave and noble of heart. Nevertheless, some envious courtiers made the king believe they were eager to wear his crown, which, though he was old, he did not wish to give up. So he invented a plan to get them out of the kingdom. Sending for them, he said, "You must see, my dear children, that I am old and cannot attend so closely as I have done to state affairs. Therefore, I wish to place my crown on the head of one of you; but in return for such a present, you should find something to amuse me in my retirement. It seems to me that a little dog, handsome, faithful, and affectionate, would be the very thing to make me happy. Now, the one of you who brings me the most perfect little dog shall be my successor."

The princes were much surprised at the fancy of their father to have a little dog, yet they accepted the suggestion with pleasure. The following morning they took leave of the king, who presented them with money and jewels and appointed that day twelvemonth for their return.

After bidding one another good-by, each took a different road. But we will follow only the adventures of the youngest, who was the most charming, amiable, and accomplished prince in the world. As he traveled from town to town, he bought the handsomest dog he could find, giving it away as soon as he found one that was handsomer. At length, wandering he knew



not whither, he found himself in a forest. Night suddenly came on, and with it a violent storm of thunder, lightning, and rain; to add to his worries, he lost his way. After he had groped about for a long time, he saw a light flickering in the distance. He hurried toward it and in a short time found himself at the gate of the most magnificent palace he had ever beheld. The entrance door was of gold, covered with sapphires, which shone so that the strongest eyes could hardly bear to look at it. This was the light the prince had seen from the forest. The walls were of transparent porcelain. The prince pulled a diamond chain that hung from the door and this rang a bell, the tones of

which were exquisite. In a moment the door was opened; yet he saw nothing but twelve hands in the air, each holding a torch. The prince was so surprised that he dared not move a step—when he felt himself gently pushed on by some other hands from behind him. He walked on till he entered a vestibule inlaid with porphyry and lapis lazuli, where the most melodious voice he had ever heard chanted:

Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here;
You shall break the magic spell
That on a beauteous lady fell.
Welcome, prince, no danger fear,
Mirth and love attend you here.

The prince now advanced with confidence, wondering what these words could mean. The hands moved him forward toward a large door of coral, which opened of itself. When he had passed through sixty rooms, all equally splendid, he was stopped by the hands, and a large easy chair advanced as if by magic toward the fireplace. When he was rested the hands guided him to a great marble bath and then to a room where he found all manner of needful clothing awaiting his choice.

When his toilet was complete, they conducted him to an apartment he had not yet seen, and which also was magnificently furnished. There was a table spread for supper, and everything upon it was of the purest gold, adorned with jewels.

There were two covers laid, and he was wondering who was to be his companion, when suddenly he saw a small figure not a foot high which just then entered the room and advanced toward

him. It had on a long black veil, and was supported by two cats dressed in mourning and with swords by their sides.

The prince was at a loss what to think. The little figure threw aside her veil, and he beheld a most beautiful white cat, who said, "My prince, you are welcome."

"Madam," replied he, "I thank you for your generosity; you must be an extraordinary creature to possess, with your present form, the gift of speech, and the most magnificent palace I have ever seen."

"All this is very true," answered the beautiful cat; "but, prince, I am not fond of talking, so let us therefore sit down to supper."

The hands then placed the dishes on the table, and the prince and the white cat seated themselves at it. He found the white cat extremely well versed in everything that was passing in the world. When night came his hostess wished him a good night, and he was led by the hands to his bedchamber.

In the morning he was awakened by a confused noise. The hands took him out of bed and put on him a handsome hunting jacket. He looked into the courtyard, and saw more than five hundred cats preparing for the field—for this was a day of festival. Presently the white cat came to his apartment, and having politely inquired after his health, she invited him to join the hunt. The prince accepted and mounted a wooden horse, richly caparisoned, which had been prepared for him, and which he was assured was a good hunter. The beautiful white cat mounted a monkey; she wore a dragoon's cap, which made her look so fierce that all the rats and mice ran away in the utmost terror at the mere sight of her.

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The horns sounded, and away they went. The cats ran faster than the hares and rabbits; and when they caught any, they turned them out to be hunted in the presence of the white cat. Nor were the birds in safety; for the monkey made nothing of climbing up the trees, with the white cat on his back, to the homes of the young eagles. When the chase was over they returned to the palace.

Every day was spent in new amusements. The prince had almost forgotten his country and relations, and sometimes even regretted that he was not a cat, so great was his affection for his mewling companions.

At length the twelvemonth was nearly ended; the white cat, who knew the very day when the prince was to reach his father's palace, reminded him that he had but three days longer to look for a perfect little dog. The prince, astonished at his own forgetfulness, began to worry; but the cat told him not to be so sorrowful, since she would not only provide him with a little dog, but also with a wooden horse, which should carry him home in ample time.

"Look here," said she, showing him an acorn, "this contains what you desire."

The prince put the acorn to his ear and heard the barking of a little dog. He thanked the cat a thousand times, and the next day he set out on his return.

The prince arrived first at the palace and was soon joined by his brothers. The two elder brothers gave an account of their success, but the youngest said nothing and seemed to have failed to bring any dog home. At least, he had none in sight.

The next day they went together to the king. The dogs of the two elder brothers were lying on cushions, and the king examined the two little dogs of the elder princes, and declared he thought them equally beautiful so that he knew not to which, with justice, he could give the preference. Then the youngest prince, taking his acorn from his pocket, opened it and out jumped a little dog which could with ease go through the smallest ring, and was, besides, a miracle of beauty. The king could not possibly hesitate in declaring his satisfaction. Yet he was not more inclined than the year before to part with his crown, wherefore he told his sons that he was extremely obliged to them for the pains they had taken; and, since they had succeeded so well, he wished they would take another year in order to procure a piece of cambric fine enough to be drawn through the eye of a small needle.

The three princes thought this very hard; yet they set out, in obedience to the king's command. The two eldest took different roads, and the youngest remounted his wooden horse, and in a short time arrived at the palace of his beloved white cat, who received him with the greatest joy. The prince gave the white cat an account of the king's joy in receiving the beautiful little dog, and then told her of the further injunction of his father.

"Make yourself perfectly easy, dear prince," said she. "I have in my palace some cats who are perfect adepts in making such cambric as the king requires; so you have nothing to do but to give me the pleasure of your company while it is making."

The twelvemonth again passed quickly away; but the cat took

care to remind the prince of his duty in proper time. "For once, my prince," said she, "I will have the pleasure of equipping you as suits your high rank." And looking into the courtyard he saw a superb carriage, ornamented all over with gold, silver, pearls, and diamonds, drawn by twelve horses as white as snow, and harnessed in the most sumptuous trappings. She then presented him with a nut. "You will find in it," said she, "the piece of cambric I promised you; do not break the shell till you are in the presence of the king your father." Then she hastily bade him adieu.

Nothing could exceed the speed with which the snow-white horses bore this fortunate prince to his father's palace, where his brothers had just arrived before him. They embraced each other, and demanded an immediate audience of the king, who received them with the greatest of kindness. The princes hastened to place at the feet of his majesty the curious present he had required them to procure. The eldest produced a piece of cambric so extremely fine that his friends had no doubt of its passing through the eye of the needle; but when the king tried to draw the cambric through the eye it would not pass, though it failed but a very little. Then came the second prince, who made as sure of obtaining the crown as his brother had done, but, alas! with no better success; for though his piece of cambric was exquisitely fine, yet it could not be drawn through the eye of the needle.

It was now the turn of the youngest prince, who accordingly advanced, and opening an elegant little box inlaid with jewels, took out a walnut and cracked the shell, imagining he should

immediately perceive his piece of cambric; but what was his astonishment to see nothing but a filbert! He cracked the filbert, and found a cherry stone. The lords of the court, who had assembled to witness this extraordinary trial, could not, any more than the princes his brothers, refrain from laughing, to think he should be so silly as to claim the crown on no better pretensions. The prince, however, cracked the cherry stone, which was filled with a kernel; he divided it, and found in the middle a grain of wheat. Opening the grain of wheat he drew forth a piece of cambric four hundred yards long, and fine enough to be threaded with perfect ease through the eye of the needle.

When the king found he had no excuse left for refusing the crown to his youngest son, he sighed deeply.

"My sons," said he, "it is so gratifying to the heart of a father to receive proofs of his children's love and obedience that I cannot refuse myself the satisfaction of requiring of you one thing more. That one of you who by the end of a year brings me the most beautiful lady, shall marry her and gain my crown."

So they again took leave of the king and of one another, and set out without delay; and in less than twelve hours our young prince arrived in his splendid carriage at the palace of his dear white cat. Everything went on as before till the end of another year. When only one day remained of the year, the white cat said: "Tomorrow, my prince, you must present yourself at the palace of your father, and give him a proof of your obedience. It depends only on yourself to obtain the most beautiful princess ever yet beheld, for the time is come when the enchantment by which I am bound may be ended. You must

cut off my head and tail," continued she, "and throw them into the fire that burns here on the hearth."

"I!" said the prince hastily—"I cut off your head and tail! Indeed, I will not. I love you too well to do that."

"You mistake me, prince," said she. "If you wish to see me in any other form than that of a cat, you must do as I desire, for that is a service I shall never be able sufficiently to repay."

The prince's eyes filled with tears as she spoke, yet he considered himself obliged to do as she asked. With a trembling hand he drew his sword, cut off her head and tail, and threw them into the fire. No sooner was this done than the most beautiful lady his eyes had ever seen stood before him; and there entered a long train of attendants, who at the same moment as their mistress were changed to their natural shapes.

Turning to the astonished prince, the beautiful lady said, "Never can I thank you enough for breaking the enchantment of my courtiers and myself, dear prince. My father was king of six kingdoms and I was his only child. Unfortunately I managed, carelessly, to displease a powerful fairy. Although I tried to make amends she would take no excuses, and touching me with her wand, instantly I was turned into a white cat. She conducted me to this palace, which belonged to my father, and gave me a train of cats for my attendants, together with the twelve hands that waited on your highness. She then pronounced upon me what she imagined the greatest of maledictions—that I should not be restored to my natural figure until a young prince should cut off my head and tail. You have fulfilled her conditions and ended the enchantment. Let us therefore

hasten to the palace of the king your father, where you must present yourself tomorrow."

The prince and princess accordingly set out side by side, in a carriage of still greater splendor than before, and reached the palace just as the two elder brothers had arrived with two beautiful princesses. The king, hearing that each of his sons had succeeded in finding what he had required, again began to think of some new excuse for keeping his throne for himself. When the whole court were with the king assembled to pass judgment, the princess who accompanied the youngest said to the king:

"It is a pity that your majesty, who is so capable of governing, should think of resigning the crown! I am fortunate enough to have six kingdoms in my possession; permit me to bestow one on each of the elder princes, and to enjoy the remaining four in the society of the youngest who has asked me to marry him. And may it please your majesty to keep your own kingdom, and make no decision concerning the beauty of three princesses, who, without such a proof of your majesty's preference, will no doubt live happily together."

The air resounded with the applause of the assembly; the young prince and princess embraced the king, and next their brothers and sisters; the three weddings immediately took place, and the kingdoms were divided as the princess had proposed.







